

THE APOSTLE
OF BURMA

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MISSIONARY SOCIETY

— OF —

The Methodist Church

PRESENTED TO

Harold Wilson

a scholar in the Methodist Sunday School at

Hastings

*as an acknowledgment of diligence and fidelity in collecting
Funds for the Missionary Society.*

A. SUTHERLAND,

General Secretary.

Methodist Mission Rooms,
Toronto, 18

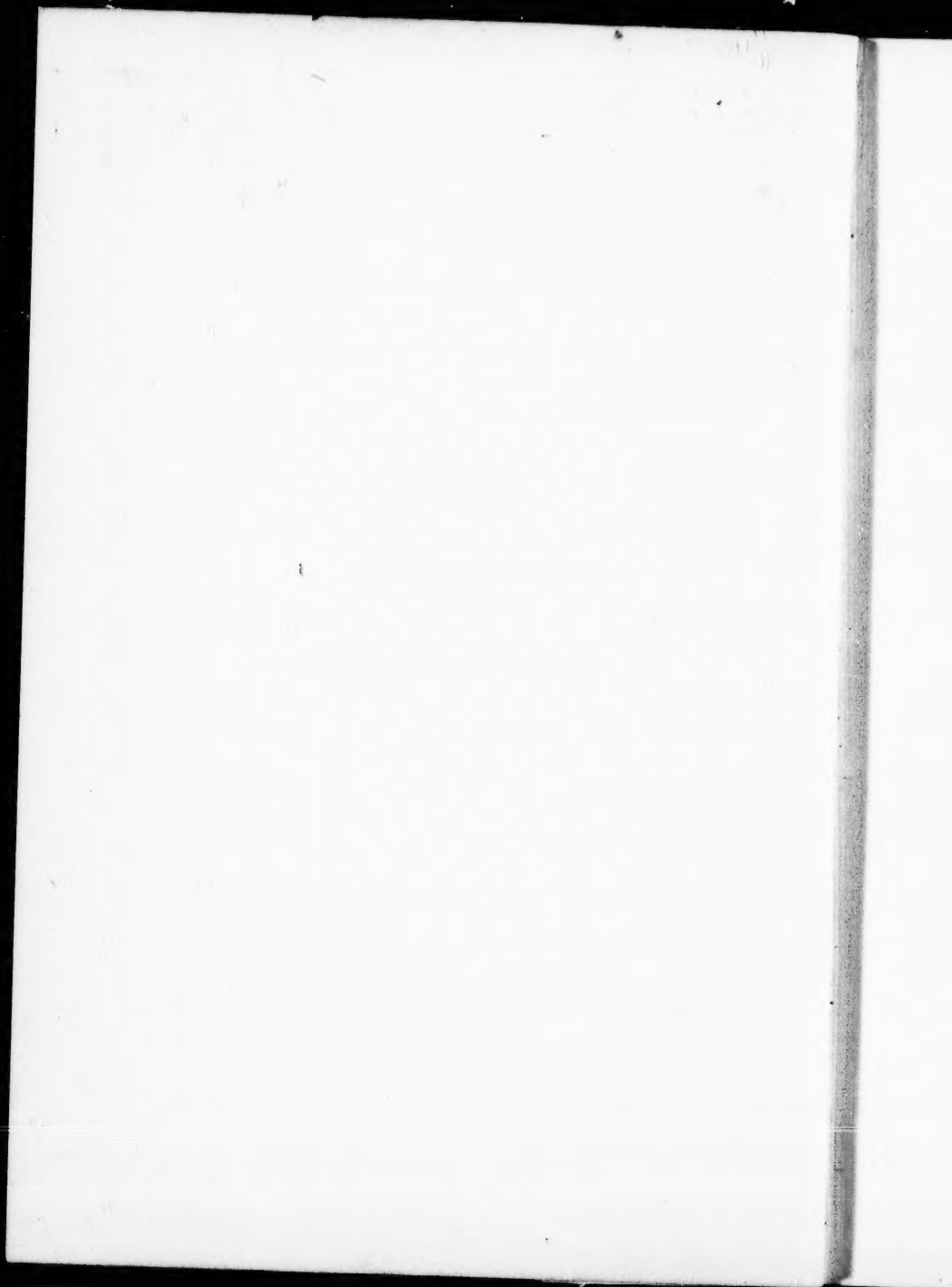
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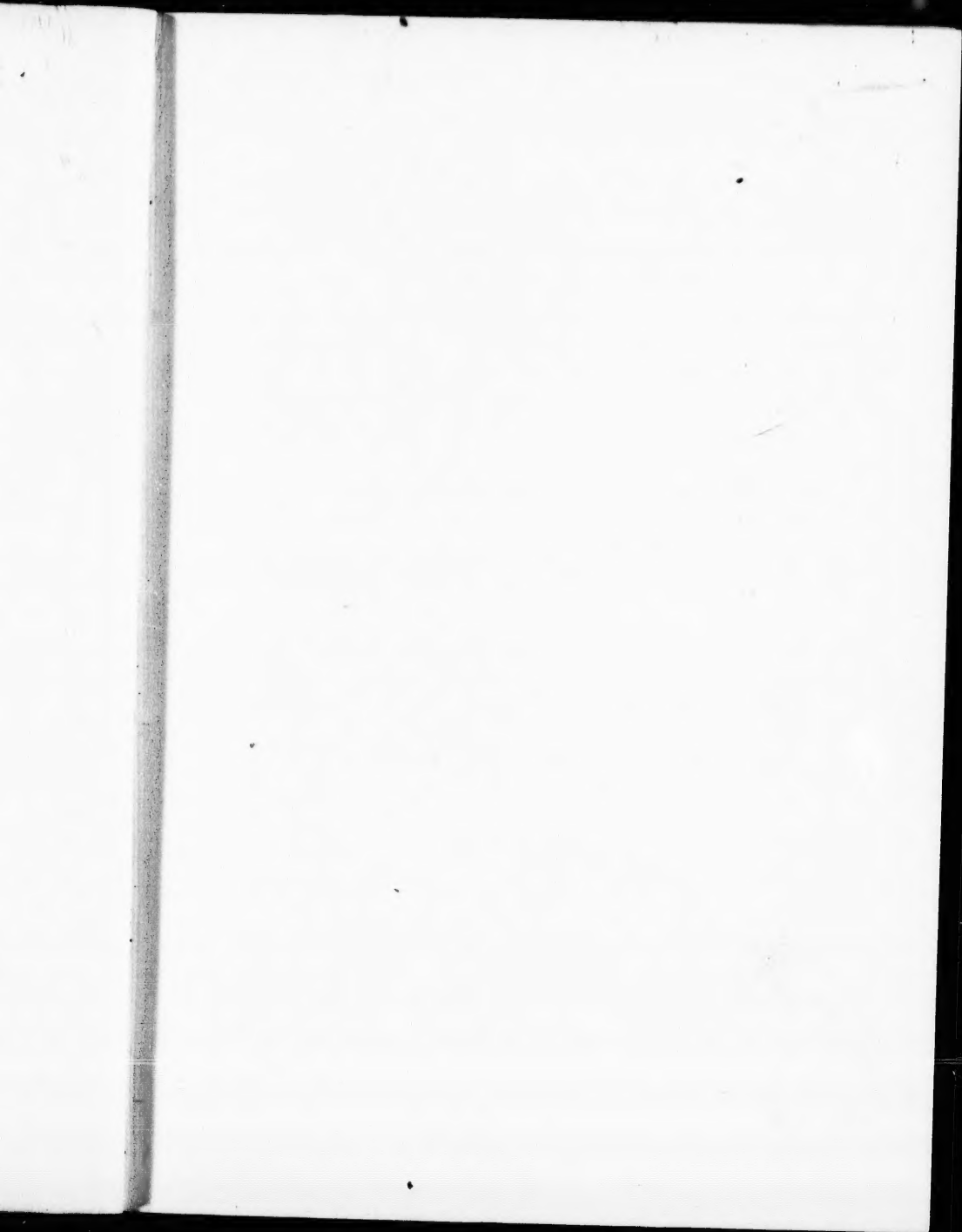
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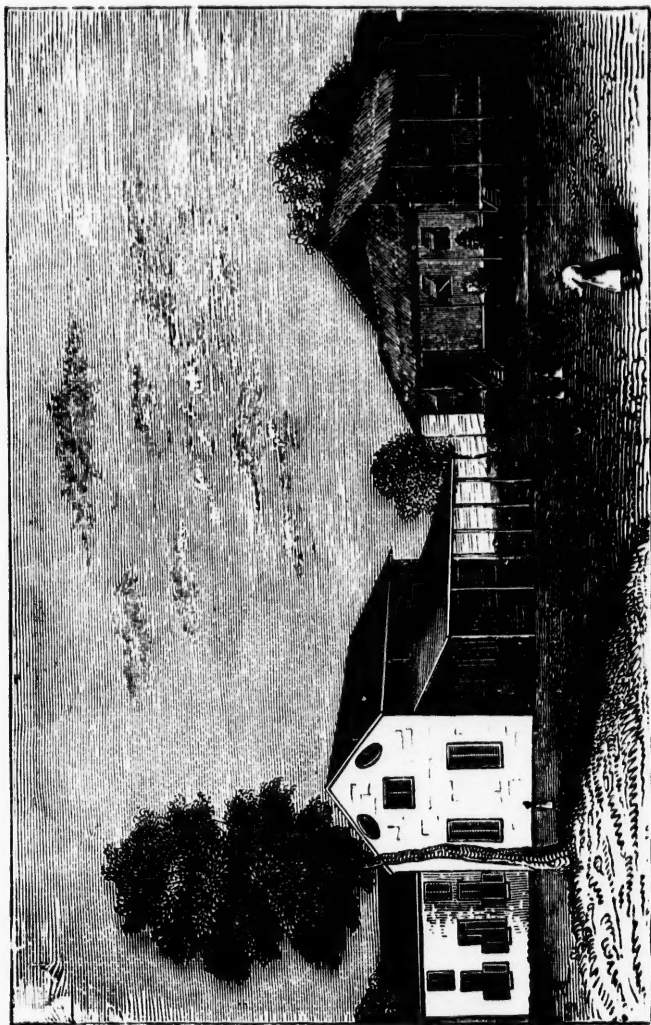


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MISSION PREMISES.

THE APOSTLE OF BURMA.

A Memoir

ADONIRAM JUDSON, D.D.

BY THE

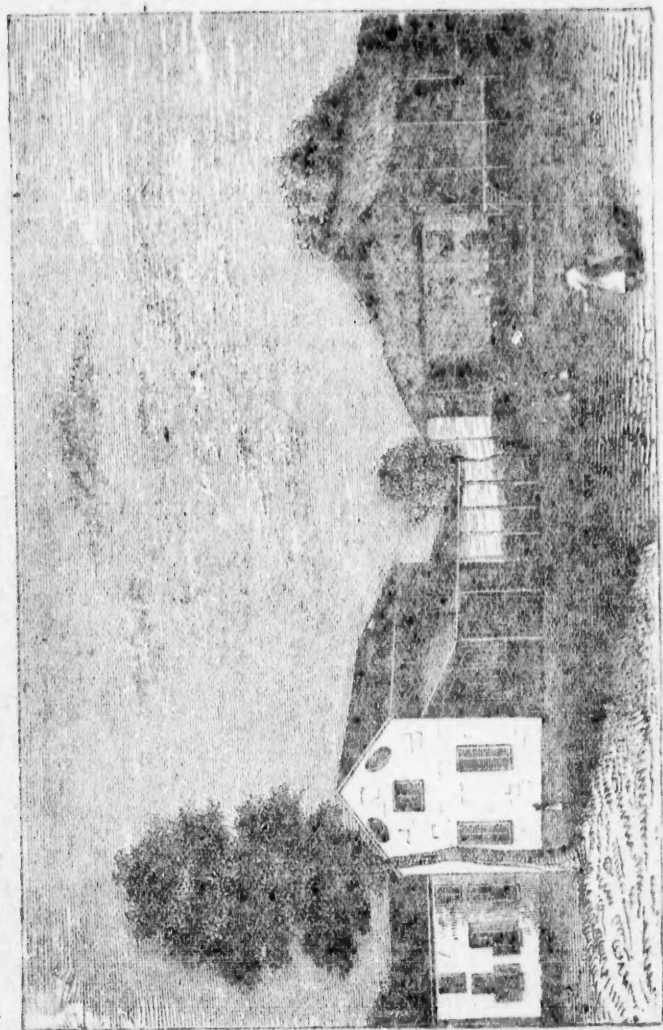
REV. JAMES MARSH.

AUTHOR OF "THE LARK OF THE MOUNTAIN," "IN THE TROPICS,"
"NORTHERN CALVARY," &c.

Toronto:

METHODIST MISSION ROOMS,
RICHMOND STREET WEST.

1890.



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Dedicated

TO MY OLD FRIEND

THE REV. SAMUEL BROWN,

IN MEMORY OF DAYS OF

ASSOCIATED LABOUR

ON THE COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA.

CHA

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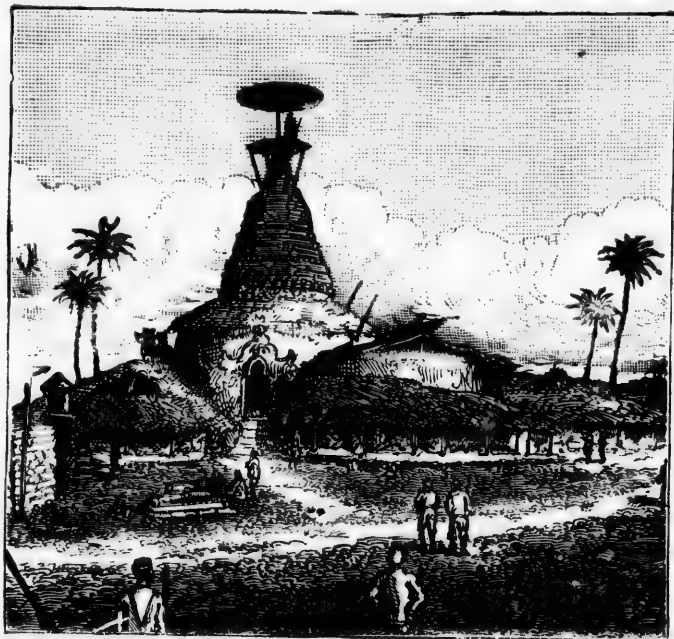
'NATIVE LAND ! in summer smiling,—
Hill and valley, grove and stream ;
Home ! whose nameless charms beguiling,
Peaceful nursed our infant dream ;
Haunts ! to which our childhood hasted,
Where the earliest wild flowers grew ;
Church ! where Christ's free grace was tasted,
Graved on memory's page,—*Adieu !*

'MOTHER ! who hast watched our pillow
In thy tender, sleepless love,
Lo, we dare the crested billow ;
Mother, put thy trust above.
Father ! from thy guidance turning,
O'er the deep our way we take ;
Keep the prayerful incense burning
On thine altar, for our sake.

'BROTHERS ! SISTERS ! more than ever
Are our fond affections twined,
As that hallowed bond we sever
Which the hand of nature joined,
But the cry of Burma's anguish
Through our inmost hearts doth sound ;
Countless souls in misery languish ;
We would fly to heal their wound.

'BURMA ! we would soothe thy weeping ;
Take us to thy sultry breast ;
Where the sainted dust is sleeping
Let us share a kindred rest,
Friends, this span of life is fleeting ;
Hark ! the harps of angels swell ;
Think of that eternal meeting
Where no voice shall say, *Farewell !*

MRS. SIGOURNEY.



A MILITARY POST.

I.

Burma.



BURMA, the scene of Dr. Judson's missionary labours, is a tract of country in Southern Asia, about a thousand miles in length, and six or seven hundred in breadth. Two of its great provinces, Tenasserim and Aracan, are washed on their

western side by the waters of the Bay of Bengal, while for landward boundaries it has Siam, a sweep of Chinese territory, and the wild, shaggy border of Thibet. From the coast to those boundaries the scenery is richly diversified by great rivers, majestic mountains, and luxuriant valleys. The rivers afford a system of navigation as complete as if a Burmese Brindley had dug canals along all the natural levels and hollows. The Irrawadi, not unworthy of comparison with the Indus and the Ganges, divides itself into numerous channels before it falls into the Bay of Bengal. Its sources are far in the north, and as it glides down from jutting rock and wooded glen it is fed by so many tributaries that large vessels can float on it to cities five and six hundred miles from its mouths. A British river to resemble it would have to flow out of Loch Assynt, in Sutherland, and down all the Scotch and English shires until it poured itself into the sea through great openings in the coast between Southampton and Plymouth. Those who ascend the Irrawadi from its lowest reaches have on either hand a wide expanse of level and somewhat swampy country, flanked by the blue of distant hills. Higher up, the valley contracts, and beyond Prome the mountains press so closely on the river that its banks are steep and picturesque as those of the Rhine. The tourist who has nothing more to discover on the fiords and cliffs of Norway, or in the sunset wildernesses of America, could find novel and all but inexhaustible charms on the long track of the Irra-

wadi. As he went sailing or paddling up the river he would pass villages half-hidden by palms and mangoes, and towns so Chinese-like in the architecture of their pagodas, monasteries, and palaces, as to seem a realisation of the picture on the old willow-pattern plate he so curiously inspected when a boy at his father's table. Prolonging his trip above Ava and Mandalay he would see, in openings in the dense forest, the lair of the tiger and the haunt of the buffalo, and glide into solitudes in which there is silence broken only by the cry of the wild bird or the ripple of waters on the base of rocky precipices and leafy slopes. The Salwen, to which there is entrance from the Gulf of Martaban, also flows from the north, having its sources among snowy mountains in China. It is about as long, though not as favourable to extended navigation as the Irrawadi. Its course being for the greater part between ranges of hills, it is bordered by scenery varying from rugged grandeur to placid beauty, such as is shown in the landscapes of Italian artists. The Sitang is another watery highway into the heart of the country, and like the Irrawadi and Salwen is the recipient of brooks and rivulets which come rippling in limpid loveliness down shadowy glens and through valleys that in their green quietude look as if they had been copied from the landscapes of Eden.

Burma is as notable for its mountains as it is for its rivers. The Yoma Doung chain stretches in a line with the coast from Cape Negrais to Chittagong, and is seen

from far as a majestic sweep of blue and purple by voyagers bound for Aracan. The Pegu mountains extend for hundreds of miles between the Irrawadi and the Sitang, slanting towards those rivers in grand ravines and bosky spurs. The peninsular range springs from the isthmus of Kraw and is the magnificent background of Tenasserim and the many islands which are as fragments broken from the sea-board of that province. Much of the north of the country is rugged and mountainous and presents many peaks and ridges which, though having no Walter Scott to celebrate their glories, are bold and romantic as any of the scenes described in the 'Lady of the Lake.' Many of the rocky stairs to the summits of those Asian Alps have not yet been climbed by any European foot; but missionaries and others who have toiled through the teak forests and up the gorges and ravines have been rewarded for their labour by grand outlooks on great inland valleys or on the delicate green of islands set in the silvery waters of the Bay of Bengal. Nor have they been charmed only by broad sweeps of land or water, but have seemed to be reading a new leaf in the book of creation while they have watched the quick gleam of snakes and lizards among the herbage at their feet, looked on the rich plumage of peacocks, parrots, and blue jays, or scrambled over boulders and through tangled brushwood to cascades making perpetual rain of spray on apparently solid masses of foliage.

The land being so well watered is fertile, and pro-

duces in abundance every kind of grain and fruit needed by Asiatics. Rice crops are so heavy as not only to supply the native population, but also thousands of families in Europe. Cocoanuts, tamarinds, bananas, and other tropical growths are of highest quality, and profuse in quantity. Many of the trees and shrubs are remarkable alike for their beauty and usefulness, gracefully embowering the roads and gardens, and yielding oil, sugar, flour, and leaves on which scholars transcribe their Buddhist literature. Flowers are found in rich variety and are freely used by the women in the decoration of their long black hair. The country is noted for its mineral as well as for its vegetable treasures. 'The stones of it are the place of sapphires; and it hath dust of gold.' Rubies, amethysts, and chrysolites have been found in large numbers through a long succession of years, and still there are deposits of vast wealth to be brought to light by British enterprise. The Rev. J. W. Burn, in his choice little book, 'Burma and its People,' speaks of some of the streams as gliding 'gracefully over a bed which literally blazes with gems of variegated porphyry, green prase, sky-blue slate, yellow jasper, and milk-white quartz.'

Ruined and decaying cities in Burma show that its civilisation is of ancient date, but of the same unprogressive type as that of China. There was only very slight improvement in the arts of life from the first settlement of the country to the time when it ceased to have an in-

dependent government. The Burmese intellect has never taken a great forward movement, but has contented itself with repose like that which it has represented in its images of the Buddhas. From the classes boasting of education there have risen no Bacons in philosophy, no Newtons in science, no Arkwrights in mechanical invention, no civil engineers or architects like those who have achieved such triumphs of skill and daring in European lands. Their names are associated with no endeavour to run the national life into new and better moulds. There has been a show of scholarship, but accurate as may have been the knowledge of Pali, a language which is to the Burmese what Sanscrit is to the Hindus, there has been no mind so adventurous as to sweep beyond the limits of Buddhistic law and legend. There has been delight in gorgeous pageants and ceremonials, but the pomp and order have only expressed the pride and selfishness of a court having no care for the prosperity of the people. Wealth has been lavished on great buildings for civil and religious purposes, but neither in those glaring with the splendours of kings and viceroys, nor in those enshrining the vanities of Buddhism does the traveller see the genius revealed in the solemn grandeur of Egyptian, or the forest-like magnificence of Gothic masonry. The towers, spires, and gateways show a childish pleasure in gilded surfaces and grotesque ornamentation.

Burma has long been one of the strongholds of

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Buddhism. It was the state religion, and no Burman was allowed by law to profess any other. Foreigners settled in the cities were free to practise their own religious rites, so long as they did not interfere with the traditional belief of the native population. Christians could meet for sacramental solemnities; Jews commemorate the deliverance of their ancestors from Egyptian bondage by eating the paschal lamb; Parsees kindle their sacred fire and honour the memory of their prophet Zoroaster; Mohammedans observe their Ramadan and Hindus worship their images of Ganesa; but they were not any of them allowed to make proselytes. All Burmans having been born Buddhists were to die Buddhists. The system of religion supposed to be inextricably entangled about their lives was originated in the sixth century before Christ, by Gautama, the son of a Hindu rajah whose dominions were in Central India. Wonderful legends have been woven into the early history of the man whose teachings are now accepted as the perfection of wisdom by nearly five hundred millions of human beings; but the simple truth is that in youth he was fond of abstract thought, and that in his twenty-ninth year he abandoned his home, his beautiful wife, and the son whom he dearly loved, and devoted himself to philosophy and religious meditation in the woods. Profoundly studying the problems of existence and the methods by which men were hoping to attain happiness he came to the conclusion that their chief good was not

in outward prosperity, but in deep inner peace. This ideal of life was a tranquillity like that of the lake on which the lotus-flower sleeps in undisturbed beauty. This tranquillity he saw could only be ensured by abstinence from evil and the practice of virtue; and he decided that whatever might be the cost he would be right and do right. When in the loneliness of the jungle he had perfected himself according to his own standard he began to preach what he called the 'noble truths.' Going about, not in princely array, but in a poor yellow robe, and carrying a bowl in which to receive the plain food he begged for his daily need, and speaking in gentle accents, he soon won his way to the hearts of the people. There was a quiet dignity combined with a winning sweetness in his manner presenting to the eyes of the Hindus a charming contrast to the lordly arrogance of the Brahmans. Disciples were multiplied and Brahmanism was shaken through all its shrines by the purity and spirituality of a doctrine which shamed its mythology and its elastic code of morals. India, from its southern cape to its northern pines and snows, responded to the voice of Gautama and hailed his work as the inauguration of a golden age, but the enthusiasm was only temporary, and Brahmanism regained the power it has so long held. If, however, India was fickle, Ceylon and vast tracts of Asia not only welcomed, but also retained, the laws and practices of Buddhism, and are to the present day thoroughly Buddhist. While this largely prevailing

system of religion can only be a rival of Christianity in the estimation of the few dreamers who see in such poems as the 'Light of Asia' a richer vein of truth than can be found in the New Testament, there can be no hesitation in saying that many of the precepts of Gautama are characterised by a fine tone of virtue and benevolence. He taught his disciples to avoid covetousness and ambition, to abstain from strong drink, from anger and revenge, 'to support father and mother, to cherish wife and child, to bestow alms, to be helpful to kindred, and not to be weary in well-doing.' The teacher's rules were goldenly good, and had they been practised by all who assented to them as noble and lofty, the moral aspect of Asia would have been very different from what it now is. But there was no religious force to make the rules effectual in life and character. They lacked those accompaniments of Divine power which enabled John Wesley to be the instrument of a new creation in the hearts of the Cornish wreckers and the Northumbrian pitmen. Much as there may be on the ethical side of Buddhism that is worthy of admiration it is on what may be called its theological side vain and contemptible. It recognises no supreme deity analogous to the Brahm of the Hindu, but bids its votaries worship great beings honoured as Buddhas, who though born of human parents attained in succession the quality of omniscience. Gautama is the fifth of the imaginary series, but there are others to come, one being already

named Maitreya and represented as a white image in some of the pagodas. The transmigration of souls is a great item in the Buddhist creed. Existence after death is prolonged in higher and lower forms proportioned in their elevation or degradation to the virtues and vices of the men while on earth. There are four hells in which the wicked are punished, one so deep that those who are cast into it are three thousand years in descending to its floor. The perfection of the after-state is Nirvana, in which the soul, wearied with its long succession of changes from one body to another, is in a state of repose which can only be distinguished by Buddhist metaphysicians from annihilation. The Rev. Robert Spence Hardy, who laboured as a Wesleyan missionary in Ceylon and whose name is bright to the Christian Cingalese as the stars which shine down on Adam's Peak, thoroughly sifted Buddhism, and proved himself more than a match in argument with men who had been familiar with its dogmas from childhood and had devoted their lives to the study of its sacred writings. His two works, the 'Manual of Buddhism,' and 'Eastern Monachism,' are largely used by orientalists and are quoted in nearly all books on Buddhistic topics. With the exception of Dr. Adam Clarke and Dr. Etheredge, no Methodist minister is so honoured by scholars outside the pale of Methodism as the learned, the gifted, yet unpretentious Robert Spence Hardy. Little is known as to the introduction of Buddhism to Burma

or the methods by which the government and people were brought under its influence. There is, however, a tradition, if not a written record, showing that a king reigning in Pagan, a city by the side of the Irrawadi, recognised it as a state religion in 997. Whatever might be its effect on the morals of the Burmese while it was yet a novelty, it had when Dr. Judson landed at Rangoon long ceased to restrain them from evil. 'Let those,' he wrote, 'who plead the native innocence and purity of heathen nations visit Burma. The system of religion there has no power over the heart or restraint on the passions. Though it forbids, on pain of many years' suffering in hell, theft and falsehood, yet I presume to say there is not a single Burman in the country who, if he had a good opportunity without danger of detection, would hesitate to do either. Though the religion inculcates benevolence, tenderness, forgiveness of injuries, and love of enemies—though it forbids sensuality, love of pleasure and attachment to worldly objects—yet it is destitute of power to produce the former or to subdue the latter in its votaries. In short the Burman system of religion is like an alabaster image, perfect and beautiful in all its parts, but destitute of life. Being destitute of life, it provides no atonement for sin. Here also the Gospel triumphs over this and every religion in the world.'

The native government of Burma was despotic as any in Asia. The king was absolute master of the lives and

property of his people. There was a state council, but its members were only called together to echo the royal will. The golden chains and rich robes they wore as the insignia of their office did not exempt them from a slavery abject as that of the lowest tillers of the soil. They did not venture to breathe a word that was likely to be displeasing to the 'golden ears,' as they were called, of the great man on the throne, for if they gave the slightest offence they were liable to be dragged from the palace, stripped of their ornaments, and doomed to immediate and ignominious death. Men of highest rank knew that degradation and death awaited them if they failed in any commissions with which they were entrusted. Impossibilities had no line in the lexicon of the Court of Ava. Commanders who were defeated in the first British war were beheaded a few hours after they got back to the capital. However brave or skilful they might be they forfeited their heads if they were beaten by the British troops. For purposes of civil administration the kingdom was divided into provinces such as Tenasserim, Pegu, and Aracan. A governor with many subordinate functionaries had charge of each province. No regular stipend was allowed, the officials drawing their revenue in an arbitrary manner from the people whom they taxed and plundered without mercy. Viceroys could impoverish towns and villages, and enrich themselves and their favourites with impunity, so long as they poured into the coffers of their masters what was needed for his main-

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tenance in personal pride and pageantry. Bribery in the courts of law was the rule rather than the exception, nor was there any Buddhist Latimer to denounce in public discourse the men who, by their mercenary spirit, made a mockery of the judgment seat. Decrees were always given in favour of the suitor or criminal who could pay the price demanded. One day in the year 1817, seven men who had been convicted of sacrilege were taken out of the prison in Rangoon to the place of execution and fastened to stakes as a preliminary to the infliction of the death-penalty. Shots were fired at one of the men, but with evident care that he should not be hit. The spectators, knowing that a trick was being practised, laughed loudly as the shots missed what should have been their mark. The culprit had bribed the authorities, and on the pretence that he possessed some secret quality which made him impervious to bullets he was pardoned and taken into the service of the governor. As the other six were poor there was no difficulty in putting them to death. A government tolerating such corruption must have been contemptible in the eyes of the people, and if all manliness had not been crushed out of them by long-continued oppression they would have compelled the king to reform his administration or have driven him and his viceroys out of the land. But they, like other Asiatics, had no passionate feeling about civil rights. So long as they could obtain rice and edible roots by tilling the soil, and were allowed a market for their teak-wood, cotton,

amber, ivory, and precious stones, they bore the pressure of iniquitous laws, and even the violation of all law, without other protest than that of a cautious whisper in their own huts and plantations. The tyrants who domineered over them were not checked by any fear of a Runnymede Charter or a Naseby fight.

In old times Burma was the scene of frequent wars between the principalities into which the country was divided. There being no central authority, the chiefs were constantly endeavouring to widen their dominions by encroachments on neighbouring territories. The Portuguese, in the days of their maritime glory, established themselves as merchants in the ports, but they only added to the confusion by their selfish policy in trying to advance their own interests by inciting the rulers to strife which was likely to end in the ruin of the whole country. Even their attempts to bring the natives into alliance with the Roman Church were so associated with treachery as to make the Christian name an abomination to the people. There was much disorder in the land until the middle of the eighteenth century, when Alompra, who began life as a hunter, chasing elephants and tigers through the jungles, overcame all rivals and founded the dynasty which ended in the notorious Theebaw. At the head of a hundred men into whom he had breathed his own fiery spirit, he won victories over the Peguans, whom he regarded with feelings of stern hostility. The fame of his successes brought additional troops to his standard, and in the

autumn of 1753 he became master of Ava. Having subdued the Burmese provinces he invaded Siam, but was stricken by mortal disease while besieging Bangkok, the capital, and died after a reign of eight years.

His eldest son, Namdo-jee Phra, ascended the throne, but in two years followed him to the grave. Shembuan, the third of the dynasty, was fond of war, and won victories over the Siamese. In his reign the Chinese, not wishing to have a great independent kingdom on their own frontier, poured an army of fifty thousand men into the country. Burmese historians, not very reliable as to facts, represent the Chinese as having been so hemmed in by Shemhuan that even the Tartar cavalry, the main strength of their army, could neither protect convoys nor make raids in search of supplies. Enfeebled by starvation (so runs the story), they were unable to resist the Burman troops, and were all slain with the exception of about two thousand five hundred, who were taken in chains to the capital, and compelled to stay on the soil they had hoped to tread as conquerors. Such a record was pleasing to national vanity, but whatever disasters befel the Chinese they in the end so prevailed that Burma was brought under vassalage to China.

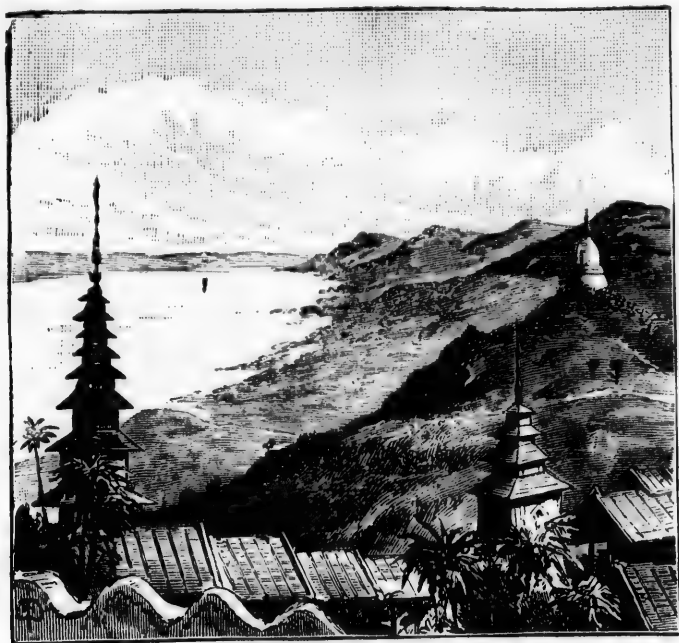
Few of the successors of Alompra left names that could be venerated by even the most loyal of their people. It is said that Bhodan Phra, his sixth son, secured the throne by putting an elder brother to death, and burnt alive the wives and children of the murdered man. Com-

plaints of his usurpation and cruelty were silenced by bloody atrocities. All the inhabitants of a village in which there had been what he regarded as treasonous murmurs, were exterminated, not even a priest or a child being left to tell the tale of his savagery. The village was burnt down and a plough was driven through the ashes which covered the site of its dwellings and gardens. Insane in his ambition, the tyrant wished to attain the honours of a Buddha, and to have images of himself by the side of that of Gautama in the pagodas. To acquire the necessary sanctity he left his palace and queens and lived in a monastery. But the priests, compliant as they usually were with the royal will, opposed his wish, proving from their books that it was not possible for him to take rank with their venerated Buddhas. Disgusted by the cold indifference to his claims he went back to the throne, and was ever after a persecutor of the priests.

Nearly all the successors of Bhodan Phra were low in character, abandoning themselves to sensual indulgences or perpetrating crimes which placed them on a level with the worst malefactors in the land. A government wielded by drunkards and murderers was a disgrace to the world, and even those who disapprove the enlargement of the British Empire have to own that the annexation of Burma was not so much a selfish as a philanthropic act. Gradually the whole country has been brought under British dominion. The first war with Burma issued in the cession of the great maritime provinces Aracan and

Tenasserim. The war of 1852 ended in the addition of Pegu to British Burma. The last war, which began in 1885, was decided by a rapid advance on Mandalay, enabling the Governor-General of India to proclaim what had hitherto been independent Burma a part of the British empire. Edicts in the name of Queen Victoria are now issued from the palaces of the Alompra dynasty ; English drums send their morning notes along streets which at one time were rarely trodden by a European foot ; and the old lion flag gives its heroic folds to winds which play on waters cooled by the melted snows of Thibet. But enlarged dominion implies enlarged responsibility, and while it is the duty of British officials to aid in developing the resources of the country and to give to its people the benefit of orderly government and just laws, it is the duty of all Protestant Christians to take part in the missionary enterprise which anticipates honour for their Divine Master along the tracts of the Irrawadi and the Salwen, and in Ava and Mandalay, and all the ancient seats of Burmese royalty.





VIEW FROM PAGODA.

II.

Equipment for Service.



IN the year 1634, William Judson, a Yorkshireman, emigrated to America, taking with him his three sons, Joseph, Jeremiah and Joshua. The biblical names illustrate, if they do not support, the tradition of a Puritan home abandoned for fellowship with the men who fourteen years before sailed

in the *May Flower* and the *Speedwell* to seek in the wildernesses of the new world the liberty which was denied them in their own land. James I., and after him his misguided son Charles, brought all the powers of government to bear on an insane attempt to crush the consciences of their people into ecclesiastical uniformity. The intolerance of kings and bishops drove numbers of stalwart and saintly Englishmen to the cold rocks and savage woods of North America, where, 'with empires in their brains,' they laid the basis of that vast commonwealth—the United States. William Judson, presumably a man of Puritanic mould, passed safely over the Atlantic, and felt the grip of the hard hands which had already made clearings in the forest for farmsteads, meadows and corn-fields. He spent some years at Stratford, Connecticut, and died at New Haven in the same State in 1662. One of his descendants was Adoniram Judson, who became an Independent minister, holding pastoral charges successively in Malden, Wenham and Plymouth, Massachusetts. He was tall, erect, grave in manner, and when age had whitened his head, was so venerable in appearance that he might have been taken as the original of a portrait of one of the old Pilgrim Fathers. His wife was a sensible, godly woman, and her name, Abigail, was given in loving memory to a grandchild born in the far East. Adoniram, the oldest son of this worthy couple, was born at Malden on August 9th, 1788. In early childhood, while amiable in temper, he evinced so much



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self-reliance and perseverance that his parents blended fear with hope as they thought of what he might be and do in the world. When he was three years old, his mother taught him to read, and he received her instructions so readily that his father, after an absence of a few days, was on returning home pleasingly surprised by the easy manner in which he went through a chapter in the Bible. So early as his fourth year he used to collect the children of the neighbourhood, and standing on a chair before them gravely conduct a religious service. As if in unconscious anticipation of his great work in Burma he frequently gave out a hymn beginning, 'Go, preach my Gospel, saith the Lord.' Before he was ten years old, he was noted for facility in arithmetic. A gentleman sent him a problem with the offer of a dollar for its solution. Intent on winning the reward and sustaining his reputation he shut himself in his chamber and spent a day in working at the figures. Not succeeding in his first endeavour he tried again the following day, and was doing his best to master the difficulty when he was called to amuse his little brother who was sick. Instantly, though reluctantly, he responded to the call, and began to build a cob-house. He slowly laid the foundations and was raising the walls when, exclaiming, 'That's it! I've got it!' he sent the building materials over the floor and rushing to his chamber wrote down the correct answer to the numerical question. In and out of school he was so studious that his schoolmates called him 'Old Virgil dug

up.' He made good progress in Latin and Greek, and was also fond of English literature, reading with avidity, though with more benefit as to vigorous style than pure morality, the plays of Ben Jonson and the novels of Fielding. When eleven years old he heard much admiring talk about a new exposition of the book of Revelation. He was deeply interested in that book and had eagerly devoured all the comments on it he could find in his father's library. A gentleman in the neighbourhood was the happy possessor of the new key to the Apocalyptic mysteries, and Adoniram went to him with a humble request for brief loan of the treasure. The response to his request was a stern and almost angry refusal. He was mortified that he could not hide his feelings from his father, who, on learning the cause said, 'Not lend it to you! I wish he could understand it half as well. You shall have books, Adoniram, just as many as you can read, and I'll go to Boston myself for them.'

In his sixteenth year Adoniram entered the college at Providence, now known as Brown University. At that time the infidelity which had risen under the auspices of Voltaire and other notorious Frenchmen, was insinuating itself into the academies of the United States. Young Judson was captivated by its promise of intellectual freedom, and threw aside the grand theology held by his father as a mouldering antiquity that could not bear the touch of modern thought. He became intimate with and adopted all the notions of an attractive and clever

fellow-student, who boldly repudiated belief in a revelation from God. Before starting on a vacation tour through the Northern States he informed his parents that he had forsaken the religion in which he had been trained from infancy. They were deeply pained, and though he resisted their arguments he could not efface the impression made by his mother's tears and prayers. The story of his wanderings was not without memorable incidents. At Albany he saw a new power applied to navigation in the steam-boat invented by Robert Fulton. He gladly availed himself of a trip on that boat to New York, and was greatly delighted with the scenery of wooded cliffs rising above the waters of the Hudson. In New York he attached himself to a theatrical company, partly in order to prepare for dramatic composition, by which he hoped to gain renown. One night, after leaving New York, he engaged a lodging at a way-side inn. The landlord, when showing him his room, told him that in the adjoining room there was a young man who seemed to be dying, and expressed the hope that this circumstance would not be disturbing to his mind. He replied that beyond feeling pity for the young man he should not be in the least uneasy. In the night he heard the groans of the sufferer, and could not help wondering as to what would become of his soul in eternity. Was he prepared for appearing in the presence of God? But he was ashamed of the weakness of his philosophy, and almost wished, after such a return to the old teachings, he could hide himself from

his sceptical friend. When he rose in the morning, he was told that the young man was dead. Making some inquiries he learned that it was no other than the brilliant student with whom he had been so closely allied, who had passed away in the night. This information fell on him with more than the terribleness of a thunder-bolt. 'Dead! lost! lost!' were the words which continually rang through his soul. He returned home in shame and anguish, because of his folly in abandoning the firm rock of Divine truth for the hollow mockery of an infidel system. Humbled in spirit, and desiring instruction in theology, he entered the Andover College. While there he was enabled to trust in Christ for salvation, and on the 28th of May, 1809, made a public confession of religion by joining his father's Church in Plymouth. He was preparing for the ministry, but reading a sermon by Dr. Buchanan, entitled 'The Star in the East,' he began to think of himself as called to a wider and more perilous field of Christian activity than he could find as a pastor in any of the States. For some time he was captivated by the romance and heroism of missionary enterprise, and was enthusiastic about daring travels in the lands of the heathen and bold inroads on ancient superstitions. This hazy image of mission life passed away, but not the willingness to carry the Gospel, if bidden by God, to 'the farthest verge of this green earth.' One day he was walking, meditative and prayerful, in the woods at the back of the college. He was uncertain as to his duty, but

while the light winds were stirring the leaves overhead into murmurous music, his mind was suddenly and powerfully affected by those words of Christ, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.' The charge was to him as authoritative as it would have been if an angel from heaven had flashed down between the boughs and repeated it in his ears. Henceforth he had no hesitation as to service in the sphere of missionary labour. It was not, however, until the winter of 1810 that his parents became aware of his decision. One evening his father began to speak of splendid prospects which were opening; while the smiles of his mother and sister showed that there was a secret to be disclosed. He asked his father to explain himself, and was told that he had been proposed as colleague of a minister who held the largest Church in Boston. 'And you will be so near home,' said his mother. For a time he was silent, but when he had so mastered his feelings as to be able to speak, he thus replied to a remark made by his sister, 'No, sister; I shall never live in Boston. I have much farther than that to go.' He then revealed his plan of life, and though troubled by the tears of his mother and sister, was thankful that his father, if not approving, did not object to the sacrifice. When he and other Andover students offered themselves for mission work, the few and feeble missionary organisations then in existence directed their attention mainly to the aboriginal tribes on their own continent. They had no mission in any part of Asia

or Africa, but they were beginning to recognise the needs of heathen populations in the old world. One important outcome of the offer of themselves for foreign service made by Mr. Judson and his companions, and of the rising spirit of zeal for the honour of Christ in idolatrous lands, was the formation of the Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. The Board can now present a history of high achievement which pales the splendours illuminating the history of the Roman Cæsars ; but its initial movements were slow and feeble. The men were waiting to be sent forth, but the Board had not such confidence in the liberality of the Churches as to warrant a bold endeavour for the evangelisation of the heathen. Still it was felt that something must be done, and Mr. Judson was sent to England to inquire if there was any method by which the Board could unite in action with the London Missionary Society. The voyage was not lacking in incident, for the ship in which he sailed was captured by a French privateer, *L'Invincible Napoleon*. With two Spanish merchants, his fellow-passengers, he was transferred to the French vessel. The Spaniards, able to speak French, and having the appearance of men who could pay for good usage, were well treated, but he was pushed into the hold among the common sailors. Sickness adding to the miseries of his captivity, he was much depressed in mind, but committed himself to the care of God. In the dim light he read a few verses in his Hebrew Bible, and as a mental exercise translated

them into Latin. One day the doctor saw the Bible on his pillow and having opened it concluded that its owner was a learned man. He spoke to him in Latin; the patient responded in that language, and explaining that he was an American, was promoted to a better berth and a seat at the captain's table.

The privateer put in at Bayonne, where, in company with the English seamen, Mr. Judson was marched to prison. On the way he declaimed loudly in English against the oppression practised on him, thinking that by the clamour he might attract the attention of a fellow-countryman. An American gentleman from Philadelphia heard him and promised help. At night the gentleman appeared in the prison, and throwing the folds of a large military cloak over Mr. Judson, smuggled him out of the gate. The French officials could not have troubled themselves much about his escape, for he spent six weeks in Bayonne going about freely as if he had never been under arrest. While in the town he became acquainted with members of Napoleon's suite, and was on such friendly terms with them that he travelled to Paris in one of the Imperial carriages. Crossing the Channel, he had a kind reception from the ministers and laymen to whom he presented himself in London. At that time, while manly in demeanour, he was boyish in appearance, having a slim figure and a ruddy face shadowed by dark brown hair. His voice, loud and clear, startled those who looked on him as being physic-

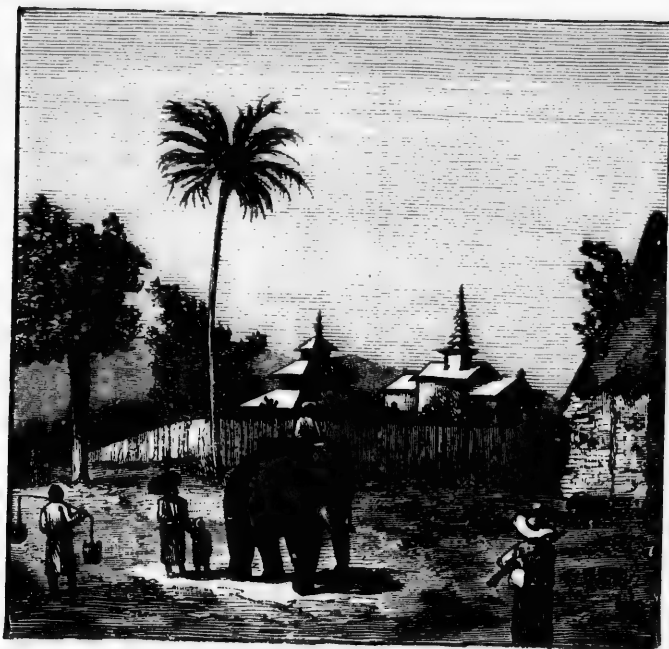
ally weak. One Sunday he sat in the pulpit of an eccentric minister who asked him to read a hymn at the close of the service. This he did in such a sonorous tone that when the minister introduced him to the congregation as a young American who wished to preach the Gospel to the idolators of the East, he added, 'And if his faith is proportioned to his voice, he will drive the devil from all India.' The directors of the London Missionary Society were willing to accept Mr. Judson and the other candidates for service under their sole authority, but not to enter into joint action with the American Board. When this was reported to the Board by Mr. Judson on his return to America, it was decided not to give the young men up to the London Society, but to raise funds for their support in a new mission. At an ordination service, Mr. Judson, with four like-minded servants of Christ, was solemnly designated to evangelistic labour in the East. The day before the ordination he was united in marriage with Ann Hasseltine, a lovely and heroic young lady, who had in an eminent degree the qualities needed in a missionary's wife. She was, in Wordsworth's phrase, 'a perfect woman, nobly planned.' About a fortnight after the ordination Mr. Judson and his bride embarked on the brig *Caravan* for Calcutta, having as companions Mr. and Mrs. Newell, who were bound on the same benevolent errand as themselves. On the voyage Mr. Judson studied the question of Christian baptism and came to the conclusion that immersion of

adults was the only Scriptural method by which the rite could be administered. The American Board had arranged that the missionaries should spend some time with the Baptist brethren in Serampon, and there Mr. and Mrs. Judson formally entered the Baptist communion. There is no need to discuss in this place the two diverse opinions as to the application of the seal of the covenant. It is enough to say that Mr. Judson, in the adoption of a belief different from that which he held when he embarked for India, was thoroughly sincere and conscientious. He knew that the change would pain, and probably offend, many of his friends in America, and that it must be followed by severance from the Churches which had given him his missionary credentials. His position in the East was for a time uncertain, but the American Baptists came to the rescue, founding the Missionary Association under which he acted to the end of his life.

Mr. Judson had only been about ten days in India when he and Mr. Newell were told by the authorities in Calcutta that they could not be allowed to stay in any part of the Company's dominions or dependencies. The English patrons of Shiva and Jugganath were as unwilling to have missionaries in the towns and villages they governed as they were to have cobras in the bungalows in which they lived ; and ordered the Americans to embark for England. While the order was pending, Mr. and Mrs. Judson escaped to the Isle of

France. After staying three months in Port Louis, the capital, they sailed to Madras as being the only point from which they could reach Prince of Wales Island, where they purposed beginning a mission. Their presence in the city was immediately reported to the government, and they were in danger of being arrested as trespassers on forbidden ground. Seeing no possibility of a passage to Prince of Wales Island, and wishful to get beyond the reach of the police, they embarked on a crazy old vessel bound for Rangoon. The voyage was stormy, and Mrs. Judson was so ill it was feared she would not survive the tossing of the water. So violent was the tempest that the vessel was driven into a channel between the Little and Great Andamans. The savagery of the islanders made the position one of extreme peril, but the comparative calm of the water tended to Mrs. Judson's recovery. At length the anchor was cast before Rangoon, and the missionary trod the soil which was to be consecrated by many years of successful labour. There he was to win 'eternal trophies not with carnage red,' but by a ministry of peace faithfully prosecuted under the white banner of Immanuel.





BURMESE PALACE.

III.

Arduous Labour in the Field.



ANGOON is the principal port of Pegu. The town stands beside one of the great lake-like waters into which the Irrawadi divides itself before falling into the sea. At one time it was fairly prosperous, containing about five thousand houses, but when Mr. and Mrs. Judson landed the num-

ber had been much diminished by fire and bad government. They were disheartened by the squalor and disorder on the wharf and in the thoroughfares. Masses of foliage set in bold relief on the beautiful blue of the sky were the background of human dwellings more wretched than any they had before seen. There were no touches of the European civilisation which ornamented Calcutta and Serampore, but such tokens of indifference to the dignity and comfort of social life as to cause them to shudder at the thought. They, however, did not murmur, knowing that the presence of God would shine as brightly and be as helpful to them in unsightly Rangoon as in any of the towns or villages of their own pleasant Massachusetts. They were reminded by the great Shway Dagong Pagoda, near the town, of the magnitude and power of the ancient system of belief and ritual they had come to attack in the name of Christ. This famous monument of Buddhist devotion stands on a rock-terrace and rises to a height of more than three hundred feet above the river. The visitor, having climbed a flight of steps up the rock, passes through a large gateway and is bewildered by the images of Gautama in various attitudes, and of elephants, lions, and imaginary beings he sees amid the banyans, palmyras, and cocoanut trees which embower the ground in front of the vast building. From that elevated site there is a noble prospect over the landscapes of the surrounding country. The gilded spires of other pagodas are seen gleaming here and there among the

rich foliage, and the eye wanders over a wide and charming scene of wooded hills, grassy valleys, rice-fields, pools and rivers. The missionary and his wife looking on the scene felt that surely such beauty was not for ever to be desecrated by idolatry, and that they were to employ all their powers to make the favoured land the home of Christian men and women.

Burma was practically new ground for missionary enterprise. The Serampore brethren had sent two missionaries to Rangoon, Mr. Chater and Felix, the oldest son of Dr. Carey. The former spent four years in the country and then went to Ceylon, and the latter accepted office under the Court of Ava. This abandonment of a sacred for a secular calling was a grief to the venerable father who craved for his children no higher honour than to be employed in ministries of Christian love to the populations of Asia. When he heard that Felix had become a servant of the Burmese monarch he exclaimed, 'O my son, have they shrivelled thee from a missionary into an ambassador.' Dreaming of high position among princes and great officers, he started with his family for Ava in a boat provided by the king. Either by collision or sudden squall on the Irrawadi the boat was swamped, and his wife and two children were drowned.

Mr. and Mrs. Judson lived for a time in a house which Mr. Chater had built in a quiet spot beyond the walls of the town. The dwelling, though commanding outlooks on beautiful scenery, was not pleasant, being

near the place of public execution and exposed at night to the attacks of savage beasts and equally savage men from the jungle in which they hid themselves through the day. It has been foolishly thought by some that the romance of missionary life is more than a compensation for its privations and sufferings. The servants of Christ have been represented as living a poetic life within a zodiac of tropical glories; as being made glad through the year by looking from latticed verandahs on bowers of palm and orange; and entranced into forgetfulness of separation from home and friends by the flash of purple, crimson, and golden wings beneath a sky which holds in its arch the splendours of perpetual summer. But when the excitement caused by novelty has worn away, the finest scenery of Eastern or West Indian lands has no more power to affect the feelings than an ordinary landscape on an English shore. Missionaries get accustomed to the pomps of tropical luxuriance and colour and think even less of a grove of limes, a cluster of palmyras, or a plantation of bananas, though haunted by gleaming lizards and dainty humming-birds, than they do of orchards and gardens slanting down to the Derwent or the Severn. But many mission-stations lack the surroundings which are a pleasure to the eye, being on swamps through which alligators and serpents trail their horrid length, or in narrow valleys shut in by hills on which there is a gloomy green never varied by autumnal red and yellow or the silvery lustre of yearly frosts and snows. The only

abiding interest for missionaries is their work, and, fully employed in the service of Christ, they have no prolonged raptures for what is bright and picturesque, and no violent dislike of what is repellent or melancholy in the scenes by which they are encompassed. It is certain the inhabitants of the mission-house in Burma were not enthralled by charms such as are associated with the memory of Paradise. They might gaze on sunny landscapes, and watch the flight of gorgeous birds; but they had to endure plagues of mosquitoes, ants, mice, rats, scorpions, centipedes and snakes, and could not go out after sunset without being in danger of a stroke from the paw of a tiger or leopard or a murderous attack by wild men who cared little for Burma law or Buddhist precepts. But they cheerfully accepted hardship and discomforts for the sake of Christ, and the perishing tribes on the brink of the Irrawadi.

Mr. Judson's first care was to obtain such a mastery of the Burmese language as would enable him to preach to, and prepare Christian books for, the people. The difficulties were great, for the letters had no resemblance to those of any language with which he was acquainted. He found the words of a long sentence clustering together without the slightest break, and 'instead of clear characters on paper, there were only obscure scratches on dried palm leaves strung together and called a book.' But he had the brave, resolute spirit of his countryman Elliott, who, after signal triumphs over the barbarisms of

the Red Man's vernacular, said, 'Prayer and pains through faith in Christ Jesus will do anything.' In 1817 he was able to announce to his friends in America the publication of a tract and a catechism which had been printed on the mission premises. He also lightened the work of coming missionaries by the preparation of a Burmese grammar. In addition to the common language of the people he mastered Pali, and was thus able to understand and estimate the sacred literature from which Buddhist scholars drew their boasted yet ineffectual wisdom. He was a pattern of industry, sitting for hours together at a table covered with native books, spelling out the difficult words or listening to the instructions of his hired teacher. Yet he knew that his labours were not of a kind to supply startling intelligence for those supporters of missions who get impatient, and talk of holding back their subscriptions, if they do not speedily hear of idols dethroned and heathen temples shattered by tribes suddenly won to the Christian faith. Writing to the Rev. Luther Rice, who wished to leave America for service in the Burmese mission, he said, in reference to such supporters :—

'If they ask, what prospect of ultimate success is there? Tell them as much as that there is an Almighty and faithful God, who will perform His promises, and no more. If this does not satisfy them beg them to let me stay and try it; and to let you come, and to give us our *bread*; or if they are unwilling to risk their bread on such a forlorn hope as has nothing but the WORD OF

GOD to sustain it, beg of them at least, not to prevent others from giving us bread ; and if we live some twenty or thirty years, they may hear from us again.'

Mr. Judson was so affected by his labours, worn down by his studies in native literature, that he found it needful to take a voyage to Chittagong, an Anglo-Indian port on the Bay of Bengal. When he bade farewell to his wife in Rangoon, it was with the hope of reaching his destination in ten or twelve days. But the ship was so unmanageable that the captain, after beating about the coast for a month, decided on making sail for Madras. Mr. Judson was annoyed by the change, and saw with regret the mountains of Aracan becoming every hour a fainter outline on the sky as he was borne towards the shores of India. He, however, comforted himself with the thought that he would get back to Rangoon from Madras sooner than he would have done if he had landed at Chittagong. But another month was spent in vainly contending with baffling winds and currents off the Coromandel Coast, and as there was no getting into Madras, the captain steered for Musulipatam, a port between the mouths of the Kishna and the Godavery. Anchorage was to be reached in a few days, but, strange to say, still another month elapsed before the wearied voyagers came in sight of the walls and roofs rising above the haven for which they were bound. The provisions on board the ship had long been exhausted, and starvation was only kept off by small supplies of mouldy rice

and a few buckets of water obtained from native vessels. Mr. Judson became so feeble that he was unable to leave his berth, and suffered so much from fever that he turned with loathing from the dirty rice, and craved nothing but water which could only be given him in quantities too small to allay his raging thirst. When the ship reached Musulipatam, it was with difficulty he aroused himself to make a written appeal to any English resident in the town for a place on shore on which to die. His appeal was quickly responded to, and having been told that a boat was leaving the shore he crawled to the window of his cabin, and saw the red coat of a military and the white jacket of a civil officer approaching the vessel. Such a thrill of joy went through him at that moment, that he fell on his knees and wept. He recovered himself before the officers got on board, and in afterwards telling of the kindness shown by generous Englishmen to a haggard, dirty, unshaven American, he said : ' The white face of an Englishman never looked to me so beautiful, so like my conception of what angel faces are, as when these strangers entered my cabin.' When sufficiently restored from the effects of his long privations and miseries, he set out for Madras, a distance of about three hundred miles from Musulipatam, travelling in a palanquin. He had to wait more than three months in Madras before a vessel started for the Irrawadi. In his absence, the Rangoon mission was at one time in a very critical condition. Mr. Hough, who had not been

long in the work, was summoned in a very peremptory manner to give an account of himself in the Viceroy's Court, and it was feared that this action would be followed by cruel persecution of all who had listened to Christian teaching. The American families were not only liable to molestation by the authorities, but were also in danger from cholera, which was so infecting the town that the solemn notes of the death-drum were sounding from morning to night. There were also rumours of a probable invasion of the land by troops from British India. Those rumours seemed to be authenticated by the rapid departure of English ships from the port, and there was too much reason to fear that if the Americans remained after hostilities began they would be badly treated by the Burmese rulers. To add to the difficulties, there was the painful conclusion that Mr. Judson, of whom nothing had been heard for six months, had perished at sea. Mr. Hough, troubled by so many unfavourable circumstances, thought it wise to leave Rangoon while escape was possible, and persuaded Mrs. Judson to embark with himself and family on the only English vessel still in the port. The vessel, bound for Calcutta, was hindered in its passage down the river; and Mrs. Judson, uneasy at the abandonment of the mission, returned in a boat to Rangoon, resolving to wait there until she heard some tidings of her husband. She was welcomed back by the native women who were beginning to feel the influence of her Christian character

and teachings, and resuming her accustomed labours in the mission house, was tranquil in the thought of God as her defence. She was abundantly rewarded for her constancy and heroism when on August 2nd, 1818, she was able to write to her parents: 'How will you rejoice with me, my dear parents, when I tell you that I have this moment heard that Mr. Judson has arrived at the mouth of the river.' The long and painful separation ended in united praise to God for His goodness in watching over the husband while wearily counting the days at sea, and over the wife, when alone in the mission-house.

Mr. Judson, after his return from Madras, gave greater publicity than he had before done to religious services. Zayats or light buildings in which travellers rested and people assembled while yellow-robed mendicants chanted the praise of Buddhist saints, were seen by the missionary on the wayside and in the neighbourhood of the pagodas and monasteries. The zayats being simple in construction, and costing little, he built one in which to preach to the natives in their own tongue. There was no stir when that zayat was dedicated to the glory of God; yet the date, August 4th, 1819, considering what followed, is as worthy of memory as the dates on which the great cathedrals and abbeys of Europe were consecrated by prelates arrayed in all the pomp and glories appertaining to the Roman hierarchy. One native convert said:

'How great are my thanks to Jesus Christ for send-

ing teachers to this country, and how great are my thanks to the teachers for coming! Had they never come and built that zayat, I should never have heard of Christ and the true God. I mourn that so much of my life passed away before I heard of this religion. How much I have lost!

Moung Nan, the writer of the above, was the first trophy won for Christ on Burmese soil. Having given evidence of a change of heart he was baptized in a pool which reflected a colossal image of Gautama. There was nothing imposing in the ceremony, yet the splash of the waters on the dusky convert might have been taken as a defiance of the enormous power represented by the sacred statue of the Hindu prince, and as a prophecy of triumphs to be achieved in the name of Christ along the vast track of the Irrawadi. Two other Burmans were soon after baptized in the same place, and thus Mr. Judson was able to rejoice over the nucleus of a native Church. Those who have been, or are still in the mission field, will not wonder that, making an entry in his journal one Sunday night, he wrote in capital letters, 'Have been much gratified to find that this evening the three converts repaired to the zayat, and held a prayer-meeting of their own accord.'

When prosperity began to dawn on the mission, those employed in it were alarmed by a change in the attitude of the authorities. There had been an implied toleration of Christian teaching by the king, who, while professedly

a Buddhist, was not unwilling to see the priests humiliated. But after his death, the priests, having more confidence in the orthodoxy of his successor, began to assert themselves in a formidable manner. Hostility to Christianity was so manifested in Rangoon that people no longer assembled in the Christian zayat or went as inquirers to the mission-house. Seeing that little could be done while the natives were in constant dread of persecution, Mr. Judson deemed it prudent to wait on the king, and solicit from him an edict in favour of religious liberty. Not very hopeful, but wishful to do his best in the interest of the mission, he started in a boat for Ava, accompanied by Mr. Coleman, also a missionary, and the faithful Moug Nan. The missionaries knew that they could not enter the palace empty-handed, and had with them for presentation to the king the Bible in six volumes which were covered with gold leaf, in imitation of costly Burmese books, and enveloped in rich wrappings. Seated on the bamboo deck, they went slowly up the river, and on the way saw Pagan, a city which in old time was the abode of royalty, and distinguished in Buddhist history as the favoured spot from which the doctrines of Gautama were disseminated over the land. Landing there and climbing to the top of one of the highest buildings, they saw that for miles round the country was studded with temples and monuments, but nearly all in a condition of decaying or ruined grandeur. After a passage of about three hundred and fifty miles, they saw the golden

steeple of the Avan palace rising amid almost innumerable pagodas. When they reached the city they made themselves known to some of the royal officers as residents in Burma wishing an interview with the king, and were at length taken up a flight of stairs into a magnificent hall. Mr. Judson, describing what he then saw, wrote :

‘The scene to which we were now introduced really surpassed our expectation. The spacious extent of the hall, the number and magnitude of the pillars, the height of the dome, the whole completely covered with gold, presented a most grand and imposing spectacle. Very few were present, and those evidently great officers of state. Our situation prevented us from seeing the farther avenue of the hall ; but the end where we sat opened into the parade which the emperor was about to inspect. We remained about five minutes, when every one put himself into the most respectful attitude, and Mounge Yo whispered that his majesty had entered. We looked through the hall as far as the pillars would allow, and presently caught sight of this modern Ahasuerus. He came forward unattended, in solitary grandeur, exhibiting the proud gait and majesty of an Eastern monarch. His dress was rich, but not distinctive ; and he carried in his hand the gold-sheathed sword which seems to have taken the place of the sceptre of ancient times. But it was his high aspect and commanding eye that chiefly riveted our attention. He strided on. Every head ex-

cepting ours was now in the dust. We remained kneeling, our hands folded, our eyes fixed on the monarch.'

The great man asked them some questions, but was not disposed to give a favourable reply to their petition. In sign of contempt for them and their religion he dashed on the ground a Christian tract they handed to him, and told them to take away their sacred books, for he did not want such writings in his palace. All that they could do was to obtain a royal order, written on a palm-leaf, ensuring protection of their persons while they remained in the country. They glided swiftly down the river to Rangoon, and sorrowfully related the failure of their errand to their wives and their little flock of native converts. As there was at that time no prospect of extended usefulness in Burma, Mr. and Mrs. Coleman sailed for Chittagong, a district under British dominion, and inhabited by a people speaking a language similar to the Burmese. A Christian teacher from Bengal, named De Bruyn, had been successful in drawing a few people to Christ. He had died in the work, and they had been left without oversight, and it was thought that missionary labour would be usefully expended in an effort to draw them together and to add to their number. Mr. Judson decided to stay in Rangoon, working quietly in the hope of better days.

The attendance at the zayat was small, but men and women went for instruction to the mission-house. Some of them yielded to the power of Divine truth, and after

due probation, were added to the roll of Church members. In the intervals of public and private teaching Mr. Judson employed himself in preparing a Christian literature for the people. He had such a knowledge of Burmese legends and poems that at one time he thought of gratifying himself by publishing a selection of them in an English garb. It would have been easy for him to have been to Europe and America in Burmese what Sir William Jones was in Sanscrit, and to have made a name that would have been venerated by the greatest scholars of Oxford, Jena, and Harvard. But the more he contemplated the solemn grandeur of his missionary calling, the more resolute he became in his purpose not to allow any project of personal pleasure or emolument to interfere with his specific work. Linguistic acquisition was only valued by him as giving him power to act for the glory of Christ. Earnestly longing for the conversion of the people he wrote :

‘Millions of Burmans are perishing. I am almost the only person on earth who has attained their language to such a degree as to be able to communicate to them the way of salvation. How great are my obligations to spend and be spent for Christ ! What a privilege to be allowed to serve Him in such interesting circumstances, and to suffer for Him ! The heavenly glory is at hand. Oh, let me travel through this country, and bear testimony to the truth all the way from Rangoon to Ava, and show the path to that glory which I am anticipating. Oh, if

Christ will only sanctify me and strengthen me, I feel that I can do all things.'

In August, 1821, Mrs. Judson was suffering so much in health that a change to her native land became necessary. She sailed to London, where she was the guest of Mr. Butterworth, the eminent Methodist layman. He and his family were charmed by her beautiful Christian spirit, and at a public meeting he said that her visit reminded him of the words, 'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.' From England Mrs. Judson went on to America, and was much benefited by her native air. While she was with the friends of her girlhood, Mr. Judson was cheered by the arrival of the Rev. Jonathan Price, M.D., who had been sent as a medical missionary to Burma. The successful manner in which the latter treated patients, especially those who were suffering from cataract, was reported in Ava, and he was summoned to that city by the king. Mr. Judson had to accompany him, and once more to appear in the palace. Standing amid the pomps of the court he boldly avowed his Christian principles and missionary character. The monarch was more gracious than when the petition for freedom of worship was presented to him, and even heard without a burst of wrath that a few Burmans in Rangoon had become Christians. Buddhist bigotry was so held in check that there was a promise of land on which to build a mission-house in the capital.

In 1823 the Brown University accorded to Mr. Judson the degree of Doctor in Divinity. Three years elapsed before he heard of the honour, which he respectfully declined. He thought the title as applied to himself would look too much like an unmerited distinction; but in spite of his protest it became an almost inseparable adjunct of his name.

Gliding down to Rangoon in seven days, he made provision for the work there, and started on his third trip to Ava immediately after Mrs. Judson's return. Her luggage was taken from the ship to the boat, and very soon husband and wife, thankful to be once more in close communion, were on their way to the capital. Current and wind were so against them that they could only get forward a few miles in a day, but as it was the cool season they were not much inconvenienced by the slowness of their progress. It is easy to imagine them, when the stars revealed their splendour above the waters, and the cry of night-birds sounded from the dusky woods, sitting side by side in their boat, talking about the friends Mrs. Judson had recently seen in Massachusetts, laying plans for usefulness in Ava, and then commending themselves to God in the notes of some familiar hymn they had translated into the Burman tongue. They were not insensible to the charms of the scenery bordering the river, looking with pleasure on hills enwrapped in teak forests, and deep hollows, presenting dense masses of bamboos and

wild canes ; but their interest was mainly in the human beings clustered along the banks, and to whom they longed to make known the truths of the Gospel. They landed at some of the villages, and walking in the shadow of cocoanut trees, tamarinds, and palmyras, and past banana gardens and bamboo huts, were followed by crowds who had never before seen a white woman. But they were not molested, the people being too polite to insult them either by gesture or word. They were six weeks on the river, and even when they reached Ava had to live on their boat until a house was built for them ; which was done in a fortnight. Their new home, a light boarded structure comprising three small rooms and a verandah, stood in a quiet spot beside the river. Two or three weeks after their settlement in that frail dwelling they saw the king and royal family take formal possession of the new palace which had been built in Ava. The ceremonial was the most gorgeous they had ever seen. High officers from Tenasserim, Pegu, and the provinces bordering China were present wearing their official insignia over robes of richly-coloured silk. Vast numbers of elephants, horses and tabernacle-carriages were in the procession. The silver chains were taken from the fore-feet of the sacred white elephant, which was brought from the gilded stable in which it had a bed covered with blue cloth and crimson silk, to add to the dignity of the pageant. It was arrayed in trappings of gold studded with diamonds, sapphires, rubies,

and other precious stones, and as it slowly stepped along, attended by a troop of servants, was favoured with as much homage as would have sufficed for the most magnificent monarch in Asia. In contrast to the blaze of splendour, and as if conscious of a greatness independent of jewelled pomp, the king and queen were in simple country garb. The air rang with plaudits from tens of thousands of voices as hand in hand they walked into the palace garden to the banquet at which they had the viceroys of the kingdom as servitors. Very soon, however, the missionary and his wife were to become familiar with scenes very different from that demonstration of Burmese state and opulence, and were to begin an experience of sorrows and sufferings rarely equalled in the narratives of Christian trial and endurance.





DR. JUDSON IN PRISON.

IV.

Suffering and Sorrow.



ON February 24th, 1824, Lord Amherst, Governor-General of India, issued a declaration of war with Burma. The quarrel began about refugees from Aracan who had settled in Chittagong, but at times crossed the border for forays

on Burmese territory. In courteous reply to angry complaints as to the doings of those freebooters, the English authorities sent embassies to the Court of Ava. But the conciliatory tone of the white foreigners was regarded as a sign of weakness, and Burmese insolence rose so high as to demand the cession of Chittagong, Moorshedabad, and other districts under Anglo-Indian government. Agents also were sent to Calcutta ostensibly for the collection of sacred writings, but having credentials to the Mahratta powers with whom they were to unite in a league for the overthrow of British power in India. From bluster and treachery the Burmese proceeded to actual hostility, attacking an English guard on Shuparee, an island near the mouth of the Naaf, a river which flows between Chittagong and Aracan. This act being followed by the advance of a Burmese army intended for the invasion of Bengal, Lord Amherst could no longer put off the evil day of war. Eleven thousand English and native soldiers, commanded by Sir Archibald Campbell, sailed up the Irrawadi with instructions to make the capture of Rangoon their first duty. This was easily effected, for neither troops nor townsfolk ventured to strike a blow in defence of the town. Among the British officers there was a lieutenant scarcely known beyond his own little band of friends and comrades, but in later years widely and worthily honoured as Sir Henry Havelock. His regiment was stationed near the great Shway Dagong pagoda, in which he frequently held reli-

gious services. He and the soldiers who were in harmony with him as to the experience and practice of Christian life met in a chamber which had along its walls images of the Buddhas, who were represented in a sitting posture with a grand calm on their faces. To illuminate the chamber a lamp was set on the lap of every sculptured divinity. There is pleasure in the thought of those sun-burnt warriors celebrating Christian worship in one of the holy places of heathendom. The shrine of an idolatrous ritual echoed the praise of the true God, and figures honoured by Buddhist devotees held the lights by which the Christian Scriptures were read. While Havelock and his men endeavoured to live according to the law of Christ, they were not the less alert and heroic in the service of their country. One day there were tidings of the unexpected approach of the enemy. Sir Archibald Campbell ordered one of his regiments to grasp an important position. Prompt movement was needed, but the men were so intoxicated that the order was of no avail. 'Then call out Havelock's saints,' said the general; 'they are never drunk, and Havelock is always ready.'

When the Judsons heard of the capture of Rangoon, they saw it was not unlikely that they, as white people, would be interfered with by the Burmese government. Still there was no immediate cause for alarm, the king saying, 'The few foreigners residing at Ava had nothing to do with the war, and should not be molested.' But

the royal declaration was only as the deep hush in the air before the lightnings throw out their sudden glare and thunders loud and long crash over the rocks and bosky jungles of the land. The wretched manikins of Ava were so ignorant of British power that they had charged one of their generals to drive all the white men from Bengal, and had given him golden chains with which to bind the governor, who was to be brought in triumphal show to the capital. Even after Rangoon was taken, they flattered themselves that the advance of their war-boats would frighten the English out of the country, and that they would go with such speed that no white slaves would be secured for service in the mansions of the great officials. But treacherous themselves, they were suspicious of treachery on the part of the white men in the city; and with a cowardly dread of some mischief they might do, arrested even American residents, not having the sense to see that they were of different nationality from the English. One day an officer, carrying a black book, and followed by about a dozen Burmese, rushed into Dr. Judson's house. They had with them a hideous being whose artificially spotted face showed that he was the public executioner. This horrible caricature of a man laid hold of Dr. Judson, drew a cord round his arms so tightly as to break the skin, and dragged him away to the prison in which condemned criminals were kept previous to their execution. He and the other white prisoners were burdened with three pairs of iron

shackles, so fastened to a bamboo pole that they were scarcely able to stir. The scenes witnessed within the walls were appalling. 'Oh,' said Dr. Judson, 'I dare not tell you half the horrors I have seen and felt. They haunt me when I am ill or sad even now, and the simple relation of them would do no good to either of our dreams.' With the foreigners were crowded native prisoners, some who the day before had been in high official position, others who were common malefactors; some from gilded palaces, others from huts in the jungles and dens among the rocks. The keepers of the prison were all criminals, and bore the records of their misdeeds in rings branded on their faces and mutilated ears and noses. The head jailor had an inscription stamped on his breast, making known to all who saw him that he was a murderer. He was a loathsome wretch, perpetrating cruelties in a jocular manner, and with a grin which revealed his delight in human suffering. The white captives in grim humour called him the tiger-cat. His presence alone was a torment, but at night they were almost poisoned by the foul exhalations from the diseased bodies of the natives with whom they were herded; and were often on the verge of starvation through lack of food. But those terrible trials brought out in beautiful light the heroism, the skill, and tenderness of Mrs. Judson. With the exception of three weeks when she was detained in her house by the birth of a daughter, she spent the seven months her husband was imprisoned in Ava in minister-

ing to his needs and those of his white fellow-prisoners. She was the only white woman in the city, and acting on the advice of a Burmese lady, wore a native dress as being likely to conciliate the people, and to ensure for her respectful treatment. On her dark hair brushed back from her forehead she fastened a delicate cocoa blossom, and below a vest of saffron and crimson had a rich silk skirt. Thus arrayed, and with moral majesty in her bearing, she went to and fro, interceding with princesses and grim-faced officials on behalf of the victims of cowardly terror. Her tasks were difficult and often painful. 'Sometimes,' she wrote, 'sums of money were demanded, sometimes pieces of cloth and handkerchiefs ; or at times an order would be issued that the white foreigners should not speak to each other, or have any communication with their friends without. Then, again, the servants were forbidden to carry in their food without a fee. Sometimes, for days and days together, I could not go into the prison till after dark, when I had two miles to walk in returning to the house. Oh ! how many, many times have I returned from that dreary prison at nine o'clock at night, solitary and worn out with fatigue and anxiety.' The visits of this devoted woman to the prison were always cheering to the prisoner, and he was deeply affected when his little Maria, twenty days old, was put in his arms. One child had been buried at sea, another was in a grave on the outside of Rangoon, and here was another held by the father amid the horrible scenes of

one of the worst prisons in the world. The following are some of the verses he composed in an address to the little one :

' Sleep, darling infant, sleep ;
Blest that thou canst not know
The pangs that rend thy parents' hearts,
The keenness of their woe.

Sleep, darling infant, sleep ;
May Heaven its blessings shed,
In rich profusion, soft and sweet,
On thine unconscious head !

Why open thy little eyes ?
What would my darling see ?
Thy sorrowing mother's bending form ?
Thy father's agony ?

Wouldst view this drear abode,
Where fettered felons lie,
And wonder that thy father here
Should as a felon sigh ?

Wouldst mark the dreadful sights
Which stoutest hearts appal—
The stocks, the cord, the fatal sword,
The torturing iron mall ?

No, darling infant, no !
Thou seest them not at all ;
Thou only mark'st the rays of light
Which flicker on the wall.

Thine untaught infant eye
Can nothing clearly see;
Sweet scenes of home and prison scenes
Are all alike to thee.

Stretch, then, thy little arms,
And roll thy vacant eye,
Reposing on thy mother's breast
In soft security.

Spread out thy little hand ;
Thy mother's bosom press,
And thus return in grateful guise,
Her most sincere caress.

Go, darling infant, go ;
Thine hour has passed away ;
The jailor's harsh, discordant voice
Forbids thy longer stay.

God grant that we may meet
In happier times than this,
And with thine angel-mother dear
Enjoy domestic bliss.'

One incident of Dr. Judson's prison life has a peculiar interest. About a year before a lion had been presented to the king, who was proud of it as an acquisition to the glories of his court. But the English having a lion on their standard, it was whispered that the noble beast was in alliance with them, and had something to do with the defeat of the Burmese generals. After consid-

erable hesitation the suspicion was revealed to the king, who, however, would not believe that his pet was guilty of treason. But the counsellors were so persistent in their superstitious fancy, that he consented for it to be taken to the prison, at the same time requiring a pledge that it should not be killed without his sanction. The queen's brother, determined it should die, charged the keepers not to give it food or water, and as he was a man of ferocious temper they dare not disobey him. Maddened by hunger and thirst it struggled and roared so fearfully as to horrify the prisoners. When worn to a skeleton it died, and was taken out of the cage. Dr. Judson, who was suffering at that time from fever, obtained, through the intercession of his wife, leave to occupy it. A lion's cage does not seem a promising retreat for a sick man, but he gave thanks to God for what was to him a pleasing change from horrors which chilled his soul to comparative luxury and quiet. At the end of seven months he was taken out of the prison, and driven over sand and gravel, which took the skin off his naked feet, to Oung-pen-la. The distance was eight miles, and he was so exhausted by the heat that he scarcely hoped to reach the end of his journey alive. Mrs. Judson followed, but it was, if possible, to still more aggravated trials. Mary Hasseltine, a native girl she had with her, took small-pox. She had not only to attend to the girl, but had also to visit her husband many times in a day, for he was prostrated by sickness, and she was thankful when she

could leave the little Maria sleeping by his side. To prevent the spread of disease she inoculated the jailors' children, and succeeded so well in the operation that all the mothers of the village brought their children for a touch of her wonder-working needle. Her health broke down under the pressure of incessant care and labour, and she became so feeble as not to be able to nurse her infant. Six months passed slowly away, and then Dr. Judson, the irons he had so long worn being knocked from his limbs, was removed to Maloun on the Irrawadi to translate for the Burmese in their negotiations with the English. Here, in a small bamboo hut exposed to the glare reflected from the white, glistening sand on the margin of the river, he was carefully watched, being still a prisoner. Though with fever burning and throbbing in his brain, he had to read and explain documents to officials who, imagining that all men were as deceitful as themselves, had no faith in any generous proposal made by the English. When they heard something that pleased them they exclaimed, 'That is noble,' or, 'That is as it should be;' but they could not believe the statement was sincere, and added, 'But the teacher dreams; he has a celestial spirit, and so he thinks he is in the land of the celestials.' He was kept for six weeks at Maloun, and then as the English were advancing from Prome was sent to Ava. Soon after his arrival in that city he went to his own house by the river-side. Entering he saw a Burmese

woman with a sickly-looking child on her knee, and so dirty, that he did not recognise it as the sweet Maria who had solaced some of the hours of his imprisonment. Going into the other room, he found his wife in fever and unconscious, her face emaciated, and her rich dark curls all shorn away. By the blessing of God she recovered, and Dr. Judson, free at last, had the pleasure of taking her and their little one down the river to the British camp. Memorable to them was the hour when in the moonlight they looked back on the fading towers of the city in which they had known agonies so keen, and then glanced on the shining track of the waters which for them were the highway to kindly hearts in the British camp. At a later time, when some friends of Dr. Judson were talking about what men in different ages had regarded as the highest pleasure to be derived from merely outward circumstances, he said: 'These men were not qualified to judge. I know of a much higher pleasure than that. What do you think of floating down the Irrawadi, on a cool, moonlight evening, with your wife by your side, and your baby in your arms, free—all free? But *you* cannot understand it, either; it needs a twenty-one months' qualification; and I can never regret my twenty-one months of misery when I recall that one delicious thrill. I think I have had a better appreciation of what heaven may be ever since.'

Dr. and Mrs. Judson had a warm welcome from the British officers. Had the latter been a daughter of the

royal house of Burma she could not have been received with greater honour. General Campbell, having heard of her brave doings in Ava and Oung-pen-la, sent his son and staff-officers to escort her to the shore, and treated her with chivalrous courtesy when she landed. He also provided for her a tent larger than his own and added to it a verandah so that she could enjoy the air without being exposed to the sun. She and her husband were guests at a dinner given to the Burmese commissioners. Amid an almost oriental magnificence of gold, crimson, and rich banners, and while the band played festive music, the general led Mrs. Judson to the table. The Burmans could scarcely believe their own eyes as they saw the missionary's wife thus honoured. 'What is the matter,' said the general, 'with yonder owner of the pointed beard? He seems to be seized with an ague fit.' 'I do not know,' replied Mrs. Judson, 'unless his memory may be too busy. He is an old acquaintance of mine, and may probably infer danger to himself from seeing me under your protection.' She then went on to tell how, in the worst time of the captivity, when her husband was suffering from fever, and having five pairs of shackles on his ankles, she one day walked several miles to the house of the man to solicit a favour. Rudely repulsed by him, she was going away when he snatched her silk umbrella. She begged him to let her have it, or to give her a paper umbrella instead, as it would be dangerous for her to walk under the blazing

sun without a shade over her head. His reply was a laugh, and an unfeeling jest. The officers were indignant when they heard the story, and with fire flashing in their eyes glanced on the greedy wretch in such a manner that his dark face became pale with terror and was wet with perspiration as if water had been thrown over it. He thought of nothing less than instant slaughter, and was only re-assured when Mrs. Judson, speaking in Burmese, pleasantly told him he had nothing to fear. Dr. Judson relating the incident, said, 'I never thought I was over and above vindictive, but really it was one of the richest scenes I ever beheld.'

Lower Burma having been ceded to the English by the Court of Ava, a site for the capital of the new province was chosen on the side of a promontory dipping into the Gulf of Martaban. The name of the Viceroy of India, Amherst, was given to the projected city. Dr. Judson, having settled his family there, went to Ava in the suite of the British envoy, who had been charged with the task of arranging a commercial treaty with the Burmese. He went unwillingly, and only after a promise of an earnest effort to have religious liberty inserted as an item of the treaty. As for the emoluments, large in comparison with his income as a missionary, he determined to account for them as belonging to the Baptist Board in America. In his absence Mrs. Judson superintended the building of a house. Writing him on September 24th, 1826, she said :

‘I have this day moved into the new house, and, for the first time since we were broken up at Ava, feel myself at home. The house is large and convenient, and if you were here I should feel quite happy. The native population is increasing very fast, and things wear a rather favourable aspect. Mounng Ing’s school has commenced with ten scholars and more are expected. Poor little Maria is still feeble. I sometimes hope she is getting better ; then again she declines to her former weakness. When I ask her where papa is, she always starts up, and points towards the sea. The servants behave very well, and I have no trouble about anything excepting you and Maria. Pray take care of yourself, particularly as it regards the intermittent fever at Ava. May God preserve you, and restore you in safety to *your old and new home*, is the prayer of your affectionate Ann.’

Three weeks after writing the above this noble woman was stricken by fever and died on October 24th, in the thirty-seventh year of her age. When Dr. Judson returned to his lonely home he saw a rude enclosure near the sea and within it the grave of his wife in the shadow of the hope-tree or *hopia*. Only a few months elapsed before the grave was again opened for the interment of the little prison-flower Maria. In some verses the bereaved husband and father wrote, he said, after speaking of his wife’s death among strangers :

‘And when I came and saw her not
In all the place around,

They pointed out a grassy spot
Where she lay underground.

And soon another loved one fled,
And sought her mother's side ;
In vain I stayed her drooping head ;
She panted, gasped, and died.

Thus one in beauty's bright array,
And one all poor and pale,
Have left alike the realms of day,
And wandered down the vale,—

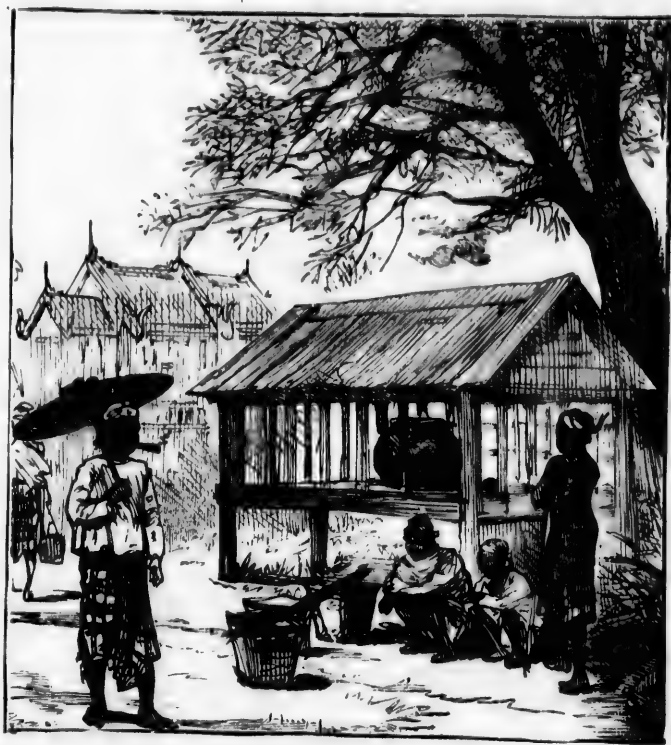
The vale of death so dark and drear,
Where all things are forgot ;
There lie they whom I loved so dear ;
I call—they answer not.

O bitter cup which God has given !
Where can relief be found ?
Anon lift my eyes to heaven,
Anon in tears they're drown'd.

Yet He who conquered death and hell
Our Friend at last will stand ;
And all whom He befriends shall dwell
In Canaan's happy land—

Shall joyful meet no more to part,
No more be forced to sigh
That death will chill the warmest heart,
And rend the closest tie.

Such promise throws a rainbow bright
Death's darkest storm above,
And bids us catch the heaven-born light,
And praise the God of love.'



FRESH DRINKING WATER.

V.

In the Wilderness and on the Sea.



MHERST, not being favourably regarded by some of the British authorities, did not become the great city its founders had pictured in their minds. General Campbell

thought Moulmain a better military position, and built barracks there for the troops. The town had already a native population numbering more than fifteen thousand, and soon became the most busy port on the Tenasserim coast. It stands at the entrance to the Salwen river, and leans on wooded hills from which there is a fine prospect of broad bright water, and charming island-gardens. Dr. Judson thought it wise to remove to Moulmain, and was more or less closely associated with that place to the end of his days. But he was too ardent in spirit to sit in easy dignity as the venerated father of the mission or to limit his labours to one little area. In 1830 he went on a mission tour to Prome—so ancient and so distinctively native in all its characteristics that it might be called the Burmese Moscow. He 'saw the city wholly given to idolatry,' but having obtained the use of an old zayat began to preach to the people in the name of the true God. He went on, encouraged by hopeful signs among the people, until the Court of Ava, being informed of his labours in the city, and foolishly imagining that he was a spy in the pay of the English, ordered him to depart. Sorrowfully obeying the order, he yet believed that a day would come when Prome, no longer priding itself in its old Buddhistic sanctuary, would be numbered among the conquests of Christ. Looking from the little boat, which was bearing him away, on a haughty monument of heathenism, he said: 'Too firmly founded art thou, old pile, to be overthrown just at present; but the

by
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children of those who now plaster thee with gold will yet pull thee down, nor leave one brick upon another.'

If, however, he was not allowed to be a standard-bearer for Christ amid the ancient glories of Prome, he had access to a people who greatly needed and were thankful for the ministration of Gospel truth. The Karens, distinct from the Burmese, and living a kind of gipsy life in the jungles and on the shelves of the mountains, are thought by some to have migrated from Thibet. Before the American missionaries visited their scattered hamlets they were scarcely known to the outer world, being hidden in the vast woods and up glens and gorges beyond the reach of the few white men who visited Burma. When the missionaries went to them they found that while they had no written records they were rich in a traditionary lore so elevated in some of its ideas of the Creator and the universe as to seem an echo of the book of Genesis. In some of the poems of the elders there are sublime representations of God as eternal, unchangeable, omnipotent, and omnipresent. It is said of Him that He created sun, moon and stars, raised man from the dust of the earth, and made woman of a rib He took out of the man. The original pair were placed in a garden containing seven different kinds of trees bearing seven different kinds of fruit. Among the seven trees there was one they were not to touch. 'Eat not of its fruit,' were the words spoken to them by their Lord. 'If you eat you will become old, you will die. Eat not.

All I have created I give to you. Eat and drink with care. Once in seven days I will visit you. All I have commanded you observe and do. Forget Me not. Pray to Me every morning and night.' There is also a tradition of the temptation and fall of the woman E-n and the man Tha-nai. The great dragon, or Satan, who is spoken of as a being of superhuman powers, gave them yellow and white fruit which they ate in defiance of Divine Authority. By so doing they brought sorrow and death on all their race. There was a glimmering of light as to a future state, and of rewards and punishments in the unseen world. In addition to those relics of primitive truth the Karens had prophecies of a silver city in which the righteous were to dwell, in peace and loving equality, under a ruler springing from their own kindred. The hope of an improved social condition was connected with the visit of white men who should come over the sea to deliver them from their oppressors. One of their prophets had thus anticipated the appearance of the deliverers :

'The sons of God, the white foreigners,
Dress in shining black, and shining white,
The white foreigners, the children of God,
Dress in shining black, and shining red.'

The Karens had reason to wish for a kinder government than that of the Burmese. Many of them were forced into slavery, and even those who were nominally free were often compelled to drag boats, to cut canes, to

strip bark for cordage, to work in the cities and to act as burden-bearers to the army. Heavy taxes were demanded from them in the form of yams, ginger, elephants' tusks, rhinoceros' horns and other articles. Sometimes the rulers seized their growing crops, and they had nothing to eat but the roots and leaves they found in the jungle, the diet being so poor that numbers of them died. The young females had to blacken their faces and affect dullness and stupidity so as not to be torn from their dwellings by Burmese officials. Even married women, if attractive in shape and feature, had to hide themselves from the eyes of wretches invested with authority over the districts in which they lived. No wonder that the Karens dwelling in the part of the country ceded to Britain after the first war rejoiced in the change of government. The proclamation of British rule was hailed by them as the beginning of new and better days. A Christian Karen, in a long and eloquent letter to the Governor-General of India, said :

‘We are now dwelling beneath thy shadow, and are exceedingly happy ; and obtain our sustenance with great ease. Because thou hast been merciful, may God have mercy on thee generation after generation. If thou givest us up again into the hands of the Burmans our race will really be brought to an end. Formerly we dwelt as in the midst of a thorn bush ; but in thee we dwell as on a mat spread down to sleep upon. May God make thee joyful and happy, generation after generation.’

Much as may be said in favour of the Karens it must not be supposed that they were an innocent people living a beautiful life in the shadow of banyans and tamarinds and blending the music of sublime traditions with the silvery murmur of their mountain streams. The truths embodied in the imagery of their ancient poems so slightly influenced them that their religion was little more than a worship of Nachts or evil spirits. They were addicted to intemperance and most offensively unclean in their personal and domestic habits. Their indolence cannot be very heavily condemned, for their wants were few and easily supplied, and they were not likely to labour for possessions which would soon be grasped by their Burmese aggressors. Dr. Judson looked on them with pity, and not thinking his great oriental scholarship a reason for shunning barbarians, visited their hamlets, instructed them in the truths of the Gospel, and had the joy of baptizing not a few of their number in the name of Christ. In his labours for their benefit he was preceded by the Rev. George D. Boardman, who, with his lovely and devoted wife, lived at Tavoy, a town on a river of the same name in the Tenasserim province. He made excursions thence into the wilderness, scaling rocks which were the haunts of tigers, plunging into gloomy ravines and fording dangerous rivers in search of the wandering tribes whose love he won by the gentleness of his spirit, and whose hearts were affected as they heard him repeat in their own dialect the story of the Saviour's life and

death. He often walked twenty miles in a day, insufficiently supplied with food, and having to sleep at night on a mat of straw spread on the bamboo floor of an open zayat. Suffering from pulmonary complaint, he still visited the people dear to his heart because redeemed by Christ, and died on a boat when returning from pastoral toils which had been too much for his enfeebled body. Dr. Judson gladly threw himself into the work which had employed the powers of the saintly Boardman, and spent many days and nights in ministering to those who were outcasts from even Burmese civilisation. On January 1st, 1832, he left Moulmain for a mission tour in the Karen country. On the tenth of the month he and his little band of native Christians reached the mouth of the Laing-bwai. In working their way up the river they had to remove trees which had fallen over the water, and hindered the passage of the boat. At Kwan-bee, a settlement on the bank of the river, they met a few Christians, and among them a woman who was a candidate for baptism. Dr. Judson was so delighted with her prompt, intelligent answers to his questions, that he forgot to remonstrate with her on an excess of personal decoration, she having, in addition to twelve strings of beads round her neck, a profusion of ornaments in her ears and on her arms and legs. The following morning he spoke plainly about simplicity of dress as becoming Christians, and had the satisfaction of seeing her put aside every token of pride and vanity. He went overland from the

Laing-bwai to the Salwen, and on the latter river met the boat which he had sent round by Moulmain. Going northward he arrived at Toung Pyouk, a desolate scene of rocks and sandhills, beyond which the river was so broken by rapids as not to be navigable. He landed, and on January 24th started for a village which he only hoped to reach after a toilsome journey of two days. The track, called a road, was the bed of a rivulet in some places knee-deep in water and so full of sharp stones that his bare feet were cruelly torn, and being scarcely able to walk he was compelled to abandon his purpose. Again on the boat, he glided down the river, preaching wherever he saw a few people in a village, on a sand-bank or on trading vessels. At one place, inhabited by Karens who had become Buddhists, he was beset by crying children and barking dogs, and found the people gloomy and sullen. After preaching in the evening, he and his companions were sent by the chief to an old, deserted house, with floor too decayed to bear their weight. While they were sitting outside the house the chief approached them, but it was not until he had been talked to for an hour that he would consent to unite with them in the worship of God. Then, as the Christians raised their voices in praise and prayer, his hard features softened, and he manifested some leaning towards the true faith. Lower down the river Dr. Judson landed at a village and spent the night with much satisfaction to himself in giving Christian instruction to an inquiring chief. Hour after

hour the man sat with the faint light of the house-lamp on his brown face, listening to the doctrines of the Gospel. Those doctrines were as the opening of paradise to his soul, and thankfully accepting the great salvation he was the first chief in that district to make profession of Christianity.

Dr. Judson returned to Moulmain, but soon started on another tour among the Karens. His work was prosecuted on waters winding between dark forests, precipitous rocks and ridges rising like the steps of a ladder to the blue magnificence of the Asian skies. Looking on memorials of creative grandeur which filled the whole sweep of his vision, he was elated by the thought of a power which would make the truth effectual in the conversion of the people. On March 11th he wrote :

‘The dying words of an aged man of God, when he waved his withered, death-struck arm, and exclaimed, “*The best of all is, God is with us,*”* I feel in my very soul. Yes, the great Invisible is in these Karen wilds. That mighty Being who heaped up these craggy rocks, and reared these stupendous mountains, and poured out these streams in all directions, and scattered immortal beings throughout these deserts—He is present by the influence of His Holy Spirit, and accompanies the sound of the gospel with converting, sanctifying power. “*The best of all is, God is with us.*”

* Mr. Wesley.

" In *these* deserts let me labour,
On *these* mountains let me tell
How He died—the blessed Saviour,
To redeem a world from hell." "

In 1833, Dr. Judson spent three months at Chum-merals, in the Karen wilderness, where in deep seclusion he laboured on his translation of the Old Testament. He had already issued a translation of the New Testament, but could not be satisfied until he had given the people the law and the prophets in their own tongue, and at the beginning of the following year was able to write :

'Thanks be to God, I can *now* say that I have attained. I have knelt down before Him, with the last leaf in my hand, and imploring His forgiveness for all the sins which have polluted my labours in this department and His aid in future efforts to remove the errors and imperfections which necessarily cleave to the work, I have commended it to His mercy and grace ; I have dedicated it to His glory. May He make His own inspired Word, now complete in the Burman tongue, the grand instrument of filling all Burma with songs of praise to our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.'

The following, written on January 6th, 1835, shows that while Dr. Judson was ardent in missionary work he kept his heart open to the sweet influences of family affection, and also gives a glimpse of his private life at that date. The extract is from a letter to his sister in

acknowledgment of gifts which had been sent from the old home by Mr. Wade, one of the missionaries.

‘The articles which you and mother sent by the same opportunity, I accept as refreshing tokens of that love which no lapse of years nor intervention of wide seas can destroy or weaken. It is a love not merely founded on natural relationship, but sanctified, and elevated, and destined to perpetuity by our common union to the glorious Saviour.

‘Mother is now in her seventy-sixth year. I hope and pray that, as she gradually draws nearer and nearer to the grave, her faith will become stronger and stronger, and her views of heaven more and more animating. It is a privilege which neither of your brothers has enjoyed, to support the declining state of our parents. May this privilege be specially blessed to your soul.

‘You will have heard of my marriage to Mrs. Boardman, of Tavoy. She says she remembers seeing you in Salem, when she was Miss Hall. Perhaps you will remember her. She saw our father a little before he died; and he took her by the hand, and talked to her some time. I am very happy with her. She is possessed of a very affectionate, amiable, pious spirit; is well acquainted with the Burmese language, and is a great help to me in all respects. We keep house by ourselves, and shall probably remain in Moulmain for the present, perhaps all the rest of our lives. I have a Church of eighty-four converted natives under my care, and am also revising

and superintending the printing of the Old Testament.'

As years went on Dr. Judson was painfully affected by disease of the lungs, and in 1839 was so prostrated that he had to take a voyage to Calcutta. To his wife he wrote when on board the ship :

'I have begun this letter more for my own amusement than yours ; for what can a poor invalid, in my circumstances, write that will be interesting even to an affectionate wife ? We are now moving forward with a light wind. The slower the better, I suppose, for me. How did you and the children pass the night, or rather the two nights, that we have been separated ? I think of you, and the house, and the chapel, and the compound, and all the scenes, and occupations, and endearments that are passed,—passed, perhaps, never to return ; but they will return, if not in this world, yet in another ; purified, exalted, when all this mortal shall be invested with immortality.'

Verses were also written on the ship for the little ones whose presence was a beautiful light in the home at Moulmain. They are very plain and simple, yet interesting as gleams of fatherly thought and feeling.

'PRAYER TO JESUS.

Dear Jesus, hear me when I pray,
And take this naughty heart away ;
Teach me to love Thee, gracious Lord,
And learn to read Thy holy word.

A MORNING PRAYER.

My waking thoughts I raise to Thee
Who through the night hast guarded me,
Keep me this day from every ill,
And help me, Lord, to do Thy will.

DUTY TO OTHERS.

Love others as you love yourself;
And as you would that they
Should do to you, do you to them:
That is the golden way.

THE DYING CHILD.

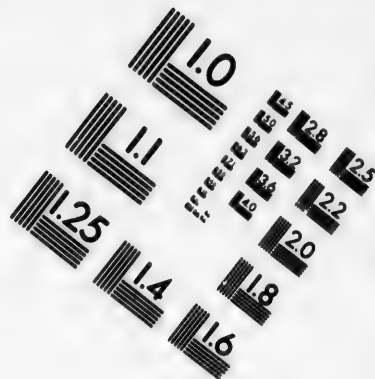
O grant that Christ and heaven be mine:
What can I want beside?
Hark! hear ye not that voice divine?
'My daughter, Christ and heaven are thine!'
And see! the glorious portals shine!
She sweetly sang and died.'

The invalid landed at Calcutta, and had pleasant intercourse with the Baptist missionaries and their wives, 'a lovely set of brethren and sisters.' He also visited Archdeacon Dealtry, who gave him a warm welcome, and took him to Bishop's College. There he had breakfast with the bishop, and spent the forenoon in attending worship and inspecting the college. Somewhat improved in health he went back to Moulmain, but on account of failure of voice was not able to preach as formerly. His lungs were so damaged that he had to confess himself a

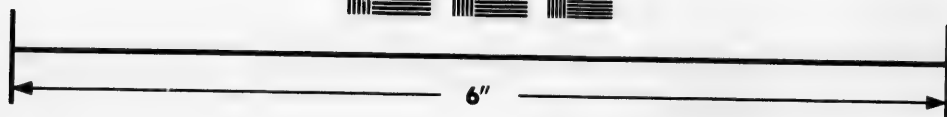
disabled man, and had the feeling of one approaching the grave. Despondent as to his body, yet hopeful as to his soul, he wrote to his mother on August 9th, 183

‘On this day I enter my fifty-second year. Fifty-one years have rolled over my head, twenty-six of which have been spent in this heathen land. I believe I write you more frequently than I used to. I am not so much driven in my studies as formerly, and the weakness and irritability of my lungs, though much better, do not yet suffer me to use my voice in public; add to which I have a family of young children growing up around me, so that my mind has become more domesticated, and returns with more readiness and frequency to the scenes of my own childhood. Twenty-seven years and a half have passed since we parted in Plymouth and in Boston, during which time my father and brother, and his family, and my first family, have all been swept away by death. You two only remain, and my present family, whom you have never seen. I sometimes feel concerned for my three little children, from the fact that I was advanced in life when they were born, and cannot, therefore, expect to live to see them grown up and happily settled before I shall be removed. Even if my present complaint should not terminate in consumption, I can hardly expect to hold out many more years in this climate; so that I have the prospect of leaving them fatherless in the very bloom of youth, when they will especially need a father’s support and care. However, I endeavour daily to com-





Resolution test chart showing patterns of vertical and horizontal lines with numerical values ranging from 1.0 to 2.5.



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mend them to God, and trust that when I come to die I shall be enabled to avail myself of the command and promise, "Leave thy fatherless children ; I will preserve them alive ; and let thy widows trust in Me."

About the middle of 1840 Dr. Judson took his wife and children, who were in poor health, to Calcutta and Serampore. The youngest child, named Henry, died at the Baptist Mission premises. 'Henry, my son,' said the father, when the child was rapidly sinking. The little eyes opened, gave an intelligent and affectionate look, and then all was over. The bereaved family sailed from Calcutta to the Isle of France, and from St. Louis, the port of that island, to Moulmain. Dr. Judson spoke so persuasively to the seamen about their souls that nineteen of them appended their names to a sacred covenant written on a blank leaf of the ship's Bible.

When again settled in Moulmain, Dr. Judson not only laboured in the mission to the utmost of his strength, but also began, in accordance with the request of the American Board, a dictionary of the Burmese language. This great work was interrupted by the illness of Mrs. Judson, which was so serious, that he had to embark with her and the children for England, intending to sail thence to the United States. They reached the Isle of France on July 5th, 1845. Signal Mountain rising high above the red roofs of the town, and the plain of La Grande Rivière presenting a sea of rich foliage, were to them welcome sights, while their

pleasure in the sweep of scenery was enhanced by perceptible improvement in Mrs. Judson's physical condition. She was so much better, it was agreed that her husband should return to Moulmain, and that she and the children should go forward on the voyage. Lamenting what seemed likely to be a long separation from her husband, yet willing to make the sacrifice for the good of the Mission Church in Burma, she wrote the beautiful and pathetic lines :

We part on this green islet, love,—
Thou for the eastern main,
I for the setting sun, love,
O, when to meet again?

My heart is sad for thee, love,
For lone thy way will be ;
And oft thy tears will fall, love,
For thy children and for me.

The music of thy daughter's voice
Thou'lt miss for many a year,
And the merry shout of thine elder boys
Thou'lt list in vain to hear.

When we knelt to see our Henry die,
And heard his last, faint moan,
Each wiped the tear from other's eye ;
Now each must weep alone.

My tears fall fast for thee, love :
How can I say, Farewell !
But go ; thy God be with thee, love,
Thy heart's deep grief to quell.

THE APOSTLE OF BURMA.

Yet my spirit clings to thine, love ;
 Thy soul remains with me,
 And oft we'll hold communion sweet
 O'er the dark and distant sea.

And who can paint our mutual joy,
 When, all our wanderings o'er,
 We both shall clasp our infants three
 At home, on Burma's shore !

But higher shall our raptures glow,
 On yon celestial plain,
 When the loved and parted here below
 Meet, ne'er to part again.

Then gird thine armour on, love,
 Nor faint thou by the way,
 Till Boodh shall fall, and Burma's sons
 Shall own Messiah's sway.

There was separation, but it was separation by death. The signs of amendment in Mrs. Judson's health passed away, and she became so much worse that he saw it needful to accompany her over the ocean, and took berths on a vessel bound for Boston, United States. As the ship glided over the brighter waters it was evident to him that her end was near. Early in the morning of the day on which she died, he said to her, 'Do you still love the Saviour?' 'Oh, yes,' she replied, 'I ever love the Lord Jesus Christ.' The ship had come to anchor in the port of Saint Helena, and she was buried in a quiet spot on that island. It is not possible to think of the grave of the gentle lady whose voice had been a

lovely music in the towns and jungles of Burma without being reminded of another grave on the same ocean-rock, that of Napoleon Bonaparte. A French author, writing before the body of the warrior-monarch was exhumed and gorgeously sepulchred in Paris, said: 'He now sleeps for ever, like a hermit or a pariah, beneath a willow in a narrow valley, surrounded by steep rocks, at the extremity of a lonely path. The depth of the silence which presses upon him can only be compared to the tumult which had surrounded him. Nations are absent; their throng has retired. The bird of the tropics, harnessed, as Buffon magnificently expresses it, speeding his flight downwards from the planet of light, rests alone, for a moment, over the ashes, the weight of which has shaken the equilibrium of the globe.' Very different are the thoughts and images suggested by the grave of Sarah B. Judson. Blood did not curdle, but flowers grew in the footprints of that elect lady. She filled her 'odorous lamp with deeds of light and hope that reap not shame,' and was worthily beloved as one of the noblest of those daughters of America who had devoted themselves to mission work in Asia. If the Karens and Burmans, to whom she had been as a gracious visitant from a brighter sphere, could have glided from Tavoy and Moulmain to that lone island in the Atlantic, they would have grouped themselves beneath the branches bending over the spot which holds her dust, and with a gleam of tears on their dark faces, would have lamented her death and have

praised her lovely character in the most pathetic and beautiful words they could have culled from their own vernacular. When the funeral was over kind friends took Dr. Judson and his children to their houses, and did their utmost to alleviate his sorrow. But he had to tear himself away, for the captain was impatient to set sail, and in a few hours the island ceased to be seen as even a dim shadow on the horizon. 'For a few days,' he wrote, 'in the solitude of my cabin, with my poor children crying around me, I could not help abandoning myself to heart-breaking sorrow. But the promises of the Gospel came to my aid, and faith stretched her view to the bright world of eternal life, and anticipated a happy meeting with those beloved beings, whose bodies are mouldering at Amherst and St. Helena.' He landed at Boston on October 15th, 1845. The reception given him was a signal demonstration of the high esteem in which he was held by his countrymen. Had it been possible he would have hidden himself in a corner and have spent his time in quietly working at the Burmese dictionary he had in hand. He had no craving for the publicity of great oratorical triumphs, and even questioned his own ability to give a simple statement of facts he had noted in Burma. Having for more than thirty years devoted himself to the use of native dialects he felt he could scarcely put three sentences together in the English language.

He, however, had suffered too much in the cause of

Christ and been too noble in missionary daring to be allowed to shrink into obscurity. Boston, New York, Providence, Philadelphia, Richmond, and other cities, vied with each other in doing honour to the man who had borne so heroically the long imprisonment of Ava, and had thrown the light of heaven on the waters of the Irrawadi and the Salwen. Almost compelled to address large assemblies he was simple as a child, making no parade of his own doings, and speaking only for the glory of God. He was not like Dr. Duff, a master of long sweeps of gorgeous eloquence, or like W. O. Simpson, an orator able to evoke at will all the feelings of an audience from tearful pity to burning indignation. But he was himself a great missionary speech, and his artless words were so sincere and earnest as to thrill and captivate his hearers. Though he appreciated the kindness of friends without number, and was not insensible to the comforts of domestic life in a civilized country, his heart was in Burma, and he was impatient to return thither at the earliest possible date. On February 8th, 1846, he was at a great meeting convened in Richmond. Dr. Jeter, the pastor of one of the Baptist Churches, thus concluded an eloquent address,

‘Brother Judson, we are acquainted with your history. We have marked your labours, have sympathized in your various sufferings, have shed many a tear at the foot of the “hopia tree,” have gone, in fancy, on mournful pilgrimage to the rocky island of St. Helena, have rejoiced

in your successes, and the successes of your devoted associates, and have long and fervently wished to see your face in the flesh. This privilege we now enjoy. Welcome, thrice welcome, are you, my brother, to our city, our churches, our bosoms. I speak as the representative of Southern Baptists. We love you for the truth's sake, and for your labours in the cause of Christ. We honour you as the father of American missions.

'One thought pains us. To-morrow morning you will leave us. We shall see your face no more. You will soon return to Burma, the land of your adoption. There you will continue your toils, and there, probably, be buried. But this separation is not without its solace. Thank God it is as near from Burma to heaven as from Richmond or any other point of the globe. Angels oft commissioned to convey to heaven the departing spirits of pious Burmans and Karens, have learned the way to that dark land. When dismissed from your toils and sufferings they will be in readiness to perform the same service for you. God grant that we may all meet in that bright world. There sin shall no more annoy us, separations no more pain us, and every power will find full and sweet employ in the service of Christ.'





BURMESE BELLS.

VI.

The Close of Life and the Ocean-Grave.



R. JUDSON embarked, on July 11th, 1846, on the ship *Fanuel Hall*, which was bound for Moulmain. A few days before bidding farewell to his native land he was married to Miss Emily Chubbuck, a native of Morrisville, in the state of New York. This lady, under the assumed name, Fanny Forrester, was widely honoured as the writer of books revealing tender feeling and picturesque power. She was introduced to Dr. Judson as having the literary skill

which would warrant him in entrusting her with the preparation of a life of the saintly woman who slept on St. Helena. The two were gradually drawn into closer communion, and Miss Chubbuck turned away from brightening prospects of literary distinction, and left the endeared scenes of her girlhood and youth in response to what she regarded as the call of religious duty. An affectionate mother to the children who had been so sadly bereft on the sea, a true-hearted wife, and in thorough sympathy with missionary work, she was in every way a worthy successor of the bright heroic ladies who had previously shared in Dr. Judson's trials and triumphs. Studies were prosecuted, and religious services were held on the voyage, which was, on the whole, very pleasant. On November 27th Dr. Judson wrote: 'The wide expanse of the ocean is again crossed; the Moulmain mountains loom in the distant horizon; the Kyaik-a-mee pagoda indicates the promontory of Amherst, and now, on the green bank just beyond, I discern with a telescope the small enclosure which contains the sleeping-place of my dear Ann and her daughter Maria. Like my missionary associates, the members of my own family are scattered far and wide, for the mounds that mark their graves stud the burial-places of Rangoon, Amherst, Moulmain, Serampore, and St. Helena. What other place shall be added to the list?'

Dr Judson was thankful to be once more on the mission staff in Moulmain, but he could not rest in the

shadow of the British flag while the vast tracts of country still under the dominion of the Burmese monarch were untrodden by Christian teachers. Impelled by desire to get into closer contact with the natives he went to Rangoon hoping to gather together the few scattered Christians there, and ultimately to renew his efforts in Ava. There were at that time great difficulties in the way of evangelistic movements. Buddhism had regained ascendancy at the Court. The king then on the throne was a strict follower of Gautama, and his brother was such a devotee that he winnowed rice, washed and boiled it, and presented it on bended knees to the priests. The Governor of Rangoon, influenced by the prevailing bigotry, only consented that Dr. Judson should stay in the town as the religious teacher of foreigners and the maker of a dictionary which was likely to be of benefit to Burma as well as to England. He and his family lived on the second floor of a huge brick building belonging to an old Mussulman. They had the use of nine rooms which the landlord had prepared for them by having the walls whitewashed and the doors and other woodwork so rubbed with oil that they were nearly overcome by the sickening smell. Fresh air was only admitted through small holes called windows to which there were shutters thick as planks, and covered with tin as a defence from the frequent fires which broke out among the bamboo huts of the natives. At one time the building was carefully watched by police, ready to take the names or to

arrest any Burmese or Karens who might be seen gliding to the door. Even when the police were not present those who wished to unite with the missionary in Christian worship had to disguise themselves as porters carrying parcels or dishes of fruit, or tucked up their garments as if they were coolies. They were compelled to be cautious, for had their purpose been discovered they would have been liable to death as apostates from Buddhism. One Saturday morning Dr. Judson was informed that orders had been given for the seizure of all persons leaving the house with the exception of those who were employed in it as servants. A number of Karens were already under the roof, and invitations had been given to so many Christians and inquirers that there were anticipations of an unusually large congregation on the following day. Seeing the danger, Dr. Judson sent two native assistants to warn intending worshippers, and managed to get the Karens out of the town before sunrise on Sunday morning. During the Buddhist Lent, prolonged through several months, he and his family suffered very much from lack of proper food. The fast was so far enforced on them that they were not allowed to eat flesh and fowl, and the few fishes offered for sale were repulsive to sight and smell. Bread could not be obtained, as the only baker had left the town, and rice and fruit was nearly all that could be get for the table in the old brick house. Mrs. Judson was so enfeebled by the meagre diet that she had not power to walk from one room to another. Diseases,

erysipelas, dysentery, and fever were also from the same cause alarmingly common in the household. To add to the trials there was apparent forgetfulness on the part of those to whom Dr. Judson reasonably looked for sympathy and support. In a moment of dejection and disappointment he said, 'All through our troubles I was comforted with the thought that my brethren in Moulmain and in America were praying for us, and they have never once thought of us.' But the complaining mood was transient as the shadow of a flitting cloud on the bright waters of the Irrawadi, and he soon became more kindly and hopeful. He would willingly have borne privations and discomfort in Rangoon so long as he could have communicated the truth to the people either openly or secretly, but the American Board was not able to grant even the small amount of money that would have sufficed to keep him in the town, and regretting that there was not more enthusiasm and liberality in the Baptist Churches of the United States he had to return to his old quarters in Moulmain. He was disappointed yet thankful, that if his prospects of usefulness in Rangoon had been shadowed the mission generally was in a prosperous condition. Writing to an American friend from Moulmain he said :

'The work of the Lord is going forward in every direction, though much slower than we desire. Scarcely a month elapses without witnessing the baptism of some Burmans, or Peguans, or Karens, or descendants of

Europeans in some of our churches in this place and vicinity. And beside the actual conversions we believe that the truth is spreading and gaining ground through the country; and we expect to meet many in heaven whom we never met on earth. And we are endeavouring to labour, not only for the present generation, but for all future generations; and for this purpose are preparing a great variety of elementary books in the various departments of science and religion.'

The faithful servant of Christ had abundant cause for thankfulness as he looked back on the day when he baptized the first Burmese convert in the pool reflecting the image of Gautama, and saw how since that memorable day the Divine Word had been glorified in the salvation of hundreds of souls. If all the bells in the pagodas and monasteries sacred to Buddhism had been rung by Christian hands, the loud, melodious peal would have been no more than a faint intimation of the joy which dilated his heart as he thought of between one and two thousand Burmans and Karens giving honour to the Saviour's name, and associated in Church fellowship. But bright as was the history, and favourable as were the prospects, of the mission, his day of activity was drawing to a close. At the latter end of 1849 he took a violent cold while attending to a sick child. The cold was followed by fever which so prostrated him that he was persuaded to try a voyage to Mergin, a coast town to the south of Moulmain. Only slightly relieved by the voyage he

went to Amherst for the benefit of sea-air. While there he became worse, and he consented to go to the Isle of Bourbon, though with faint expectation of again seeing his beloved Burma. He would gladly have hailed the hope of longer service on earth, but was ready to die if such was the Lord's will. One day he said to his wife: 'Lying here on my bed, when I could not talk, I have had such views of the loving condescension of Christ, and the glories of heaven, as I believe are seldom granted to mortal man. It is not because I shrink from death that I wish to live, neither is it because the ties that bind me here, though some of them are very sweet, bear any comparison with the drawings I at times feel towards heaven; but a few years would not be missed from my eternity of bliss, and I can well afford to spare them for your sake, and for the sake of the poor Burmans. I am not tired of my work, neither am I tired of the world; yet when Christ calls me home, I shall go with the gladness of a boy bounding away from his school. Perhaps I feel something like the young bride when she contemplates resigning the present associations of her childhood for a yet dearer home—though only a very little like her, for *there is no doubt resting on my future.*' 'Then death would not take you by surprise,' remarked Mrs. Judson, 'if it should come even before you could get on board ship.' 'Oh, no,' he replied, 'death will never take me by surprise, do not be afraid of that, I feel so strong in Christ. He has not led me so

tenderly thus far to forsake me at the very gate of heaven. No, no ; I am willing to live a few years longer if it should be so ordered ; and if otherwise, I am willing and glad to die now. I leave myself entirely in the hands of God, to be disposed of according to His holy will.' He was carried in a palanquin on board the French barque, *Aristide Marie*. Mrs. Judson being unable to leave home he was accompanied by Mr. Ranney, one of the missionaries, and Panapah, a native Christian. His two Burmese assistants, Ko En and Ko Shway Doke, who had long been connected with him in mission work, stayed on the vessel until the pilot left. They saw on his worn pallid face the tokens of approaching death, and begged to be allowed to take him back to the shore, so that he might be buried where his grave could be seen by those whom he had been instrumental in drawing to Christ. But he was already so weak that any attempt to move him would have proved fatal, and Mr. Stilson, a missionary who had also lingered on board, tried to pacify the affectionate Burmans by reminding them of the secret death and unknown sepulchre on Nebo. Calmly trusting in Christ, Dr. Judson died a few days after the ship entered the ocean. His widow thus described the closing scene to his sister in America :—

‘ During the last hour of your sainted brother’s life Mr. Ranney bent over him and held his hand, while poor Panapah stood at a little distance weeping bitterly. The table had been spread in the cuddy, as usual, and

the officers did not know what was passing in the cabin till summoned to dinner. Then they gathered about the door and watched the closing scene with solemn reverence. Now—thanks to a merciful God!—his pains had left him; not a momentary spasm disturbed his placid face, nor did the contraction of a muscle denote the least degree of suffering; the agony of death was past, and his wearied spirit was turning to its rest in the bosom of the Saviour. From time to time he pressed the hand in which his own was resting, his clasp losing in force at each successive pressure; while his shortened breath,—though there was no struggle, no gasping, as if it came and went with difficulty,—gradually grew softer and fainter, until it died upon the air, and he was gone. Mr. Ranney closed the eyes and composed the passive limbs; the ship's officers stole softly from the door, and the neglected meal was left upon the board untasted.

'They lowered him to his ocean grave without a prayer. His freed spirit had soared above the reach of earthly intercession, and to the foreigners who stood around it would have been a senseless form. And there they left him in his unquiet sepulchre; but it matters little, for we know that while the unconscious clay is "drifting on the shifting currents of the restless main," nothing can disturb the hallowed rest of the immortal spirit. Neither could he have a more fitting monument than the blue waves which visit every coast; for his warm sympathies went forth to the ends of the earth, and

included the whole family of man. It is all as God would have it, and our duty is but to bend meekly to His will, and wait, in faith and patience, till we also shall be summoned home.'

Adoniram Judson, like Thomas Coke, was sepulchred in the ocean, but the Baptist, like the Methodist missionary, left memorials of ardent and successful labour on the land. Mission-home and zayat, school-house and chapel, societies of baptized Burmans and Karens, attested the happy effects of his persevering endeavours in the name of Christ. He had been to no part of Burma that was open to him to which he did not carry the spirit of zeal for the honour of his Divine Master. On the Irrawadi and the Salwen, in golden Ava and venerable Prome, in the shadow of great limestone cliffs, and amid mountains dark with teak forests, he was apostolic in fidelity and fervour. He so thoroughly gave himself up to the missionary calling and was so decided in his conviction that all missionaries should be like-minded with himself, that to souls less heroic than his own he seemed somewhat hard and severe. When he went to Burma he had no thought of returning with wealth of Asian lore and memories of great victories over Buddhist superstitions to rank with eminent ministers in the United States. He indulged in no visions of a highly honoured missionary called to a great pastorate in Boston or Philadelphia, or of an old age calmly lapsing to eternity amid the gardens and embowered lanes of

some quiet village in New England. His purpose was to spend the whole of his life in labour for the benefit of the heathen. Sternly repressing all longings for the old home-land, and binding himself to Burma as thoroughly as if he had been a member of one of its native families, he thought others ought to do the same, and manifested a feeling akin to contempt for those who went out with the understanding that at the end of a specified time they would be free to go back to America. It was his opinion that such an understanding kept the minds of missionaries and their wives in an unsettled condition, and prevented due intensity of application to the work in which they were employed. 'The motto of every missionary,' he wrote, 'whether preacher, printer, or schoolmaster, ought to be, *Devoted for life.*' He adduced as an example of the kind of devotion needed the words of a fellow-worker who, on being questioned by a Burmese official as to how long he intended staying in the country, replied, 'Until all Burma worships the eternal God.'

Dr. Judson also disapproved of missionaries clustering in one locality for the sake of social intercourse and domestic comfort. He wished them to multiply centres of operation, and to break up new ground rather than to accumulate their labours on a town in which Gospel light had already been kindled. There might be isolation and danger in jungle homes and amid barbarous peoples; but his feeling was that servants of Christ, not

lingering in the pleasant places of the mission field, should go where, the darkness being unbroken, they were most needed. He wished more to act in the spirit of Miss Macomber, who, after acting as teacher to the Ojibbeway Indians in Michigan, went to Burma, and was stationed at Dong-Yahn in the Karen country. There she was, a cultured American lady, only seeing a white face at rare intervals, living among a people less tractable than the red men in the western wilds of her native land, and so resenting her kindly efforts on their behalf that at one time they surrounded her house in the darkness, yelling and throwing stones and fire-brands. Thus persecuted, and her life in jeopardy, she never thought of retiring to the security and civilisation of Moulmain, but patiently going on with her work until the day of her death, when she said, 'O my Master, take me this day to Thyself.' She not only won converts in sufficient number to constitute a Church in Dong-Yahn, but also went on mission tours among the hamlets on the Zuagaben Mountains, and a hundred miles up the Attaran river. After her death Dr. Judson wrote: 'Happy sister! Precious was the box of ointment which thou hast poured on thy Saviour's head, and splendid will be the diadem He will set on thine, inscribed with the praise bestowed on Mary of old, "She hath wrought a good work upon Me."' The writer of the above was eager to see like consecration and readiness for cross-bearing in all the agents of the

Baptist mission in Burma. But he did not ask others to do and suffer what he was not himself willing to do and suffer. In severity of personal discipline he was more a brother of the great Port Royalists than of ordinary Protestants. There was, however, in his somewhat ascetic practices no shadow of an attempt to set aside the merits of Christ as his only hope in the presence of God. No man could have been more decided in acceptance of the Gospel as the one divine announcement of salvation by faith. But he wished to master every impulse and affection not in harmony with the supremacy of disinterested love and service. He so evinced his freedom from all mercenary motives that he not only refused to enrich himself out of amounts paid by the British government for valuable help at critical times, but also gave to the Baptist Mission Board twelve thousand rupees, being the amount of money he possessed as earnings before he left America, and gifts and legacies from friends and relatives. In youth he had a craving for reputation, and conscious that there were some lingerings of it in his heart, he destroyed a letter of thanks from the Governor-General of India with other documents in which his name was honourably distinguished; and denied himself the pleasure of all literary work, but such as was directly connected with the mission. Accomplished in mind, and gentlemanly in manner, he was one of the favourite guests of Sir Archibald Campbell and other British officials in Moulmain, but as the

brilliant society in which he was invited to mingle took up time which he thought should be given to the perishing Burmans, he gave notice that he should not again dine away from the mission premises. In order to wean himself from the world he at one time spent weeks together in a bamboo hut on the verge of the jungle, living on rice, and only entering into conversation with those who went to him for religious instruction. While in that retreat he frequently walked over the hills to a lonely spot, that in still deeper seclusion he might spend the day in meditation and prayer. A day thus spent was not to him a holiday, for even in the retirement of his bamboo hut he was always busily employed in translations or other work relating to the mission. In complete sacrifice of self and in whole-hearted endeavour he was equal to the finest ideal of a perfect missionary that has ever been sketched. There was nothing vague or halting in Dr. Judson's movement, but a bold undeviating stride towards the end contemplated—an evangelised Burma. Never did he falter in the confidence that the power of Divine truth would prevail over all the dreams of Buddhism, and that the bells rung in pagoda and monastery would be silenced by the songs of regenerated Burmese and Karens uniting in the praise of Christ. When he was in Boston, United States, a gentleman asked him, 'Do you think the prospects bright for the speedy conversion of the heathen?' 'As bright,' he replied, 'as the promises of God.'

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BURMESE HORSES.

VII.

The Karen Mission.



WE have in the Karen Mission a notable illustration of the beneficial effects of Christian teaching and influence on a barbarous and degraded people. The labours of the Boardmans, the Judsons, and other noble-hearted Americans opened a

new world and gave a new life to tribes who were perishing in moral darkness and desolation. Families were redeemed from misery, and men of Karen birth, elevated by the power of godliness, became not only members of the Church but also heralds of salvation to thousands of their own kindred. One of the early native evangelists was named Ko Thah-byu. He was born in 1778 at Oo-twan, a village about one hundred and twenty miles north of Bassein, a Peguan town. When fifteen years old he left his father and mother and spent much of his time in atrocities which could not have been surpassed if he had been a Hindu Thug. He confessed that either as principal or accessory he had been guilty of more than thirty murders. When the first English war was over he went to Rangoon, and, wearied of a life of crime, or seeing that if he persisted in his wild career he would sooner or later be arrested and punished, he entered the service of one of the missionaries. Some good impressions were made on his mind by the Christians with whom he was associated, but he evidenced no desire for a change of heart. Leaving Rangoon he lived successively with Christian families in Amherst and Moulmain. His temper was naturally violent, and at times was so volcanic in its outbursts that it was scarcely hoped he would ever attain the meekness of Christian discipleship. But the missionaries bore with him, and after a time saw such improvement in his spirit as to be assured he was not far from

the kingdom of heaven. One day, while he was in Moulmain, a Karen girl, sadly in want of food and clothes, came to the town, leading two little orphan brothers. She was taken into the mission school, and being bright and teachable, became an intelligent Christian. Ko Thah-byu, admiring her good qualities, obtained the consent of the missionaries to union with her by marriage. Having laboured hard to be able to read the Burman Bible, and giving proof of a new life, he was baptized by Mr. Boardman at Tavoy. Almost immediately after his reception into the Church he started on an evangelistic visit to the Karens in the Tenasserim valley. The rainy season had already set in, and the streams were so swollen that he was unable to reach his proposed destination. Not willing to go home without having done some service in the name of his Master, he turned aside to a village that was accessible and began to preach and explain the catechism. One man listened attentively, was truly converted, and so earnest in recommending religion to his neighbours that nearly all of them accepted the Gospel. He returned to Tavoy, but again set out for the wilderness, in which he spent seven weeks preaching in districts to which he had been invited by an old Karen chief. He wished to prolong his tour, but was taken sick and had to stay at a place named Palouk. The man with whom he lodged was so impressed by his words that he became an exemplary

Christian. There was in him the true missionary restlessness, and he was eager to go to the Karens in Siam, having heard from some of them a desire for Christian teaching. Mr. Boardman giving consent, he bade farewell to his wife, and began a toilsome journey over the mountains, spending a week in climbing and slipping down the difficult tracks. When he got to the Siamese border the official in charge of that locality would not allow him to proceed, being afraid of punishment by the court in Bangkok if he let a missionary enter the country. Though disappointed as to work in Siam he found ample scope for his unsleeping energies in his own land. In July, 1830, he went with a companion up the Salwen river to distribute books in the Karen villages, preaching also wherever a few people could be drawn together. The books were thankfully received, even those who could not read saying, 'We will ask others to read them to us,' while the spoken word was so effectual that five Karens followed the teachers to Moulmain, where Ko Thak-byu at that time had his home, four of whom professed faith in Christ and asked for baptism. The following November the ardent evangelist again went into the jungle, and one day led about forty people to Mr. Boardman, all of whom had been so affected by the truth as to wish for public recognition as Christians.

Early in 1832 Ko Thak-byu started with Dr. Mason on an exploring tour through the Tenasserim province. On the first day they rested in Shen Mouktee, an old walled

town containing an idol much venerated by the Burmese. According to a wild legend it floated up the river on the stem of a peepul tree, and ended its voyage in front of the town. It was originally a small brass image but grew to the height of a man under the branches by which it was canopied. Dr. Mason, in kindly thought for the infirmities of his assistant, who was beginning to show tokens of age, left him in a zayat, and went to distribute tracts in some of the neighbouring villages. On returning he found him not asleep, as he expected, but in the midst of a large assembly of Burmans, his eyes flashing with youthful ardour, and his lips rolling out sarcastic denunciations of idolatry. When the Karen settlements were reached, no matter how fatigued he might be with long travel, he insisted on going to the houses of the people and inviting them to religious services. Dr. Mason was delighted with the signs of spiritual life he saw in a valley which had been one of the principal scenes of Ko Thah-byu's labours. In every hut there was a Christian family, and the rice, yams, and fruit he ate had all been prepared by Christian hands, and he thought a voyage over the Pacific as well as over the Atlantic Ocean would be abundantly repaid by a Sabbath spent amid those scenes of sacred beauty.

Early in 1833 Ko Thah-byu went to Rangoon, and two days after arriving there took his staff in hand and began a journey through the jungle in search of his countrymen. While away he visited seven villages and

distributed one hundred and fifty tracts. Later on in the same year there was a great awakening among the Karens, who so crowded his house in Rangoon that it was in danger of breaking down. From morning to night they were coming and going and kept him continually employed in explanations and enforcements of the truth. The missionaries were pained by their inability to respond to all the appeals for teachers to be sent into different parts of the country. But they did what they could, and had the satisfaction of enrolling large numbers in Church fellowship. They spent one whole day, in 1834, assisted by Ko Thah-byu, in examining candidates for baptism. The accepted candidates were baptized on the following Sabbath. Mr. Webb, the officiating minister, felt that the charm of the beautiful morning was in unison with the joyful solemnities of the services. The sun shone brightly on the Irrawadi, and gave heightened lustre to the gilded spires rising above the rich green foliage. The company, passing through a grove of mango trees covered with the white plumage of rice-birds, came to a lovely little lake partly shaded by over-hanging boughs and leaves. Ten persons were baptized, and after prayer and blessing went with glad hearts to their homes in the forest. Ko Thah-byu was not willing to stay in Rangoon as a teacher of Karens who visited the town, and often spent months together in their settlements, doing work in Pegu and other provinces of which there is no earthly

record. He laboured with the enthusiasm of a young man until 1837, when, afflicted with blindness and rheumatism, he was no longer able to itinerate. In 1840 he accompanied Mr. Abbott to Sandoway in Aracan, and died there in peace, and with firm trust in the Saviour whose name had so often been a triumphal song on his lips. In allusion to heights which are usually the first land seen by voyagers from England and America, it has been said: 'Where the blue mountains of Pegu so often gladden the eyes of the weary mariner, after half circumnavigating a world of waters, sleeps Ko Thah-byu. No mound marks his grave, no "storied urn or animated bust" indicates his resting-place; but the eternal mountains are his monument, and the Christian villages that clothe their sides are his epitaph.'

The Karens of Aracan were as eager as those in other parts of the country for religious instruction, and many of them became true Christians. Their number was augmented by the arrival of Christian Karens from independent Burma. The infatuated tyrants at the Court of Ava determined to sweep 'the foreign religion' from their territories and cruelly persecuted the Karens who had received the truth of the Gospel. Families were arrested in houses and *zayats*; men were beaten; mothers were separated from their children and kept in prison until they paid the fines demanded by Burmese rapacity. Seeing no hope of a quiet life on their own grounds, hundreds of them migrated to Aracan, taking

with them their buffaloes and such household stores as they could carry. It was not without a pang that they left the beautiful valleys in which they had hoped to be buried with their fathers, and looked for the last time on the tamarinds, the acacias, and babbling streams endeared to them by memories of childhood, and the Christian associations of later years. But if they do not fill so large a space in history there was in them the same high spirit as that which enabled the French Protestants to bid farewell to their gardens, their vineyards, their ancestral woods, and 'the long waving line of the blue Pyrenees,' rather than be recreant to their faith at a tyrant's bidding. When the refugees reached Aracan they were in a pitiable condition, but the missionaries bestirred themselves in generous endeavours to save them from starvation. It must also be recorded in honour of Captain Phayre, the Assistant Commissioner, that he gave them food and let them have loans of money without interest. There was abundant scope in Aracan for missionary work, but more labourers were needed for due cultivation of the field. Mr. Kincaid had rendered good service at Akyab on the coast, and had started a mission to the Kemmese, a mountain tribe similar to the Karens in bodily features and manner of life. But he was so enfeebled by sickness as to be compelled to visit America. Mr. Comstock, who was stationed on Ramree, an island separated from the mainland by a channel, like the Kyles of Bute, had to send his two elder chil-

dren for education in the United States. He strongly urged Mr. Kincaid to make American Christians feel the needs of Aracan. Even when he had given the last parting kiss to his children, and was tremulous with sorrow because it would be so long ere he would again see their dear faces, the passion of his soul broke out in the exclamation, 'Remember, brother, six men for Aracan.' The following verses are from a poem founded on the incident :

'He said,—My brother, when you stand,
Beyond the raging deep,
In that delightful, happy land
Where all our fathers sleep ;

When you shall hear their Sabbath bell
Call out their happy throngs,
And hear the organ's solemn swell,
And Zion's sacred songs,

Tell them a herald, far away,
Where midnight broods o'er man,
Bade you this solemn message say,
"Six men for Aracan."

While in that happy land of theirs,
They feast on blessings given,
And genial suns and healthful airs
Come speeding fresh from heaven ;

Tell them that near yon idol dome,
There dwells a lonely man,
Who bade you take this message home,
"Six men for Aracan."

Sweet home,—ah, yes ! I know how sweet,
Within my country thou,
I've known what heart-felt pleasures meet,
I've felt—and feel them now,

Well, in those lovely scenes of bliss
Where childhood's joys began,
I'd have you tell them, brother, this,
"Six men for Aracan."

Sau Quala earned a good degree as a Karen evangelist. He was brought up in a wild glen among the Tenasserim mountains. Rocks rose high above the thatched hut in which he was born, and waters foamed down a deep gorge in the rocks. His father hated the Burmese whose yoke was so heavy on him and his kindred, and felt contempt for their pagodas and priests. Prophesying in his heart that the day of emancipation would come, he called his boy Quala, which signifies hope. 'We hope,' he said, 'happiness will come to us in his days.' The child caught his father's spirit of enthusiasm for a better government, and while driving the monkeys and peacocks from the rice fields chanted wild songs about the white foreigners who, sailing over the sea, were to deliver the Karen tribes from their oppressors. When he was fifteen years old the little homestead in the glen was gladdened by tidings that the English had taken Tavoy. Father, mother, and Quala went to the city to see the red coats and white faces. They were alarmed when as soon as they were within

the walls they were taken before the governor and a group of officers. The Englishmen were in their eyes stately as kings, and they were about to prostrate themselves as they were compelled to do before their Burmese tyrants. The governor, however, bade them stand up, spoke to them kindly, and dismissed them with presents of money and turbans. Two or three years after this visit to Tavoy, Ko Thah-byu preached beneath Quala's native roof. He and his mother welcomed the truth, but his father was almost as stoutly opposed to Christianity as to Buddhism. Enmity to the Gospel being so strong in his home he obtained leave to stay for a time with an elder brother who lived on the eastern side of the Tenasserim range. Tigers were in the woods, and there were dangerous precipices, but nothing daunted he slung his wallet over his shoulder, and started one foggy morning climbing and then descending the rocks to the dell in which his brother had built a house and was cultivating a strip of land. In that quiet spot he found the opportunities he desired for prayer and meditation. Though eager for knowledge there were no books in his own language, and he could not read the books which had been printed in Burmese. But, aided by his brother, he began to learn the Burmese letters and words, and the two, with the lamp burning between them, often sat far into the night endeavouring to master the tracts which had been prepared by Dr. Judson. In December, 1830, he was baptized at Tavoy,

and soon after began to read and expound Christian books in such a manner, that even his father, to whose house he returned, was silenced by the majesty of the truth. When Mr. Boardman, wishing to spend his failing breath in the service of Christ, went for the last time into the jungle, Quala was one of a band of Christian Karens who carried his litter, watched over him when in the noon-day heat he rested in the shadow of the foliage, listened tearfully to his dying words, and bore his wasted body to the grave. The death-scene of the saintly missionary was ever after a solemnizing memory in Quala's soul, while his ambition was to be not less fervent in work done for the Divine Master.

In 1833 he was sent with Kaulapan, another young Christian, to study at Moulmain. This was to him a memorable journey, for he and his companion were the first Tenasserim Karens known to have gone so far north since ages before they had come down the Salwen and the Attaran to seek a home in the shelter of the southern mountains. When lodged for a time in Moulmain, he spent quiet evening hours on the hills, and looked on the river beneath a sky richly dappled with sunset colours, he thought of the days when his ancestors beheld the same scenes, and while deploring their heathen darkness was thankful for the holy, transforming light which had visited his own generation. He spent three months in Moulmain, and was then called by Dr. Mason to Tavoy to assist him in translating the New

Testament into Kanarese. To secure familiarity with the idioms of the language Dr. Mason set him to write down all the traditions in prose and verse he had in his memory, and then to collect from the people all that they had received by oral communication from their fathers. In this way a small manuscript library of Karen literature was got together. Mrs. Mason taught a class in which there was a beautiful girl named Muphau, or Celestial Flower. She was as lovely in character as in bodily features, and it was the great happiness of Quala to win her as his bride. He could not have had a wife more like the good wife pictured in the Book of Proverbs, or more helpful to him in his work. An English officer saw her one day standing on a cliff, tall and graceful, her face beaming from the embroidered scarf round her head, and showing the refining power of Christian influence. Rarely had he seen a finer embodiment of womanly grace, and exclaimed, 'Surely Quala has got the flower of the jungle. She reminds one of Scott's description of Helen MacGregor.' After his marriage Quala often accompanied Dr. Mason on his missionary tours in the jungle. The gifted American and his Karen attendant had much brotherly communion as they travelled from one hamlet to another, and the shady nooks in which they rested and united in praise and prayer were Bethels to their souls. Great also was their pleasure when, after spending a night in a bamboo hut, they breathed the fragrance of the morning air, and saw the white mists

melt away in the golden glory which revealed the charms of the tropical landscape. But their tours were not without difficulty and danger. They knew what it was to lose their way in the wilderness, to float down the rivers on light rafts which were at the mercy of the rapids, in which they were frequently upset; and to pass nights under forest trees, seeing in the morning the print of a tiger's paw near the spot on which they had slept. They, however, were rewarded for their toil and exposure by success in winning souls for Christ.

When Quala had itinerated about fifteen years, Dr. Mason sent him to Pyeekhya, where he had the pastoral charge of a small Karen Church. He felt it to be the duty of native Churches to do their utmost towards the maintaining of their teachers, and so presented this duty to the people in Pyeekhya that in one year three hundred and seventeen gifts were taken to the mission-house. Dr. Mason went on a visit to the village, but before he reached it was met by Quala. In climbing the mountain they came to a little shelf, and resting there, looked thence on the blue of distant peaks and down into rich valleys watered by streams half buried in the density of foliage, and saw here and there a Karen village containing the dwellings of people who were rejoicing in life through Christ. Ten years before they sat together on the same spot, when Dr. Mason asked, When shall these vales resound with the songs of the redeemed? When shall we look on Christian Churches

in these green fields?' 'Hereafter, teacher, hereafter,' was Quala's reply. The 'hereafter,' came sooner than had been anticipated, the triumphs of the Gospel had been rapidly multiplied, and the missionaries were in glad amaze at what God had wrought.

While labouring at Pyeekhya Quala witnessed a great outpouring of the Spirit, and a large accession of members to the Church. In describing the revival he illustrated the truth that the work of God has the same great features in all parts of the world.

'When the teachers and disciples prayed in earnest, the Holy Spirit came down upon the unconverted, and they came forward requesting to be baptized. Many of these were people with whom I had laboured and exhorted before the meeting, and some said to me, "We will wait a year;" others, "We will wait two years;" others, "We will look on a little longer;" but when the Holy Spirit touched them, they repented and became Christians. Many of those who had been among the unconverted came forward and confessed their sins and transgressions publicly. They took up the habit, immediately, of private prayer in the jungle, and became very anxious for their unconverted relatives, going and inviting many to the meeting. Some confessed sins that had been committed in secret, and prayed with sobs and tears. Many others resolved to become Christians, and many Christians grew in grace.'

Useful and happy as Quala was in Pyeekhya, the

missionary spirit was so strong in him that he wished to be in a heathen district. In due time a door opened before his eager feet. A Karen named Dumoo had wandered from Toungoo in the north of Pegu to Tavoy. While there he was smitten by disease, and being apparently near to death began to think about his soul and what its condition would be in the unseen world. When he recovered, the thoughts which had haunted him in sickness were still powerful in his mind. He knew nothing of the Christian missionaries and their teaching, but having heard that a Karen on the borders of Siam was favoured with divine inspiration he went to him, hoping for enlightenment and guidance. He was disappointed when he found that the man was an impostor but as he was returning he met two young men from the theological school in Tavoy who were spending their holiday in the jungle reading the Scriptures to the people and speaking to them about the great salvation. Finding that they had a book in which there were revelations of God and of the future state of being, he exclaimed, 'I have found what I want.' He became an earnest Christian, and after spending two years in theological study resolved on going back to Toungoo that he might make known to his countrymen the truth which was burning in his own heart. Quala wished to go also ; but the Tenasserim Churches were unwilling to part with him, and it was only after many tears and prayers that consent was given for him to labour in the new and distant field.

Leaving his wife and family at Tavoy he arrived at Toungoo at the latter end of 1853. He and his fellow-labourers were so successful that in one year they numbered seven hundred and forty converts, and in 1856 there were more than two thousand persons in Church fellowship. Captain Phayre visited Toungoo, and saw in Quala such manliness and integrity that he offered him thirty rupees a month if he would act as overseer of tribes known as wild Karens. The offer was large and might have been tempting to a man who had no salary and was dependent on poor disciples for food and clothing; but the noble reply was, 'Sir, I cannot do it. I will not have the money. I will not mix up God's work with government work. There are others to do this thing: employ them. As for me I will continue in the work in which I have been engaged.' The captain asked him, 'Where do you obtain money to live on? Why do you not like money?' and added, 'We will give you money, and you may continue your work as a teacher as heretofore. Will it not make it easier for you?' The answer was, 'No, Sir, when I eat with the children of poverty I am content. I did not leave my dear wife and come up hither in search of silver or agreeable food. I came to this land that its poor, benighted inhabitants might be saved!'

In 1856, Dr. Mason, after a visit to America, went to inspect the work at Toungoo. He had with him two elephants, one for riding and the other carrying baggage.

The difficulties of the ascent were great, but he and his party struggled upward until they reached a village named Cholu in the midst of magnificent Alpine scenery. Mountain rose beyond mountain in bewildering grandeur ; but what most delighted the missionary was to be able to count more than twenty villages which had been thoroughly evangelised. At every stage of his upland journey he saw the tokens of Christian life and power. One day he presided at a convention of native teachers and disciples. Forty-five stations were represented, and altogether two thousand persons were present, the men in every variety of costume, from Burmese silks to old red coats which had been cast aside as worn out by English soldiers ; the women in simple native garb, or gay with coloured handkerchiefs and calicoes bought of traders from the sea-ports. Dr. Mason was specially pleased with the young preachers who had been raised up in Toungoo. In speaking on the topics which came up for discussion in the assembly they evidenced a grasp of Christian principles, force of intellect, and power of expression which would have been creditable to a class of divinity students in England or America. Many of them had been converted under the ministry of Quail, and emulated him in enthusiasm for the conversion of their countrymen. The noble evangelist gives a charming glimpse of himself in a letter written to the American Churches, and dated July 26th, 1857.

‘God has now displayed His power in Toungoo, and

many sons of the forest, living in darkness, have believed, and your kindness is great in sending two teachers to help them. As to myself, being of a race of uncultivated men, I am of no value, but through the grace of God I became a disciple of Christ in the days of your teacher Boardman, and I studied a very long time in the hands of teacher Mason, and I came to know and understand the truth as one in a dream. Still I became a teacher to go about preaching and administering baptism. This was through your kindness, for when I was studying with teacher Mason, you sent the money which you gave to teacher Mason. My relatives were unable to support me, and had it not been for your money I could not have studied, nor by any means have acquired the knowledge I have. When I think of your kindness, I feel as if I could not extol it sufficiently. Though I die, I will praise your goodness to my children and grandchildren and the generation following. I am now growing old, my hair is gray, my sight dim, and through sickness my strength has failed, so that I have not the vigour I had when I studied with teacher Mason, but my strength in God has not decreased in the least : pray for me.'

The Karen Churches, flourishing to the present day, while owing much to the labours of the Judsons, the Boardmans, the Masons and other American missionaries, also owe much to the labours of Ko Thah-byu and Quala, the representatives of a band of native

evangelists, devoted and successful as any the world has seen. The work, as to geographical area and number of converts, would not have been what it now is if the white missionaries had jealously kept it in their own hands. They wisely recognised the gifts and graces of the dark sons of the rock and the forest, and let them have free scope for those methods of evangelical action in which they had special aptitude. The Karen preachers were animated by love for Christ and perishing souls, and if the names of the greater number are unknown in England and America they are brightly registered in God's book of remembrance. Karen converts are now numbered by tens of thousands, the mission in its wonderful development illustrating the words of the Lord : ' Then said He, Unto what is the kingdom of God like ? and whereunto shall I resemble it ? It is like a grain of mustard seed, which a man took and cast into his garden ; and it grew, and waxed a great tree ; and the fowls of the air lodged in the branches of it.'

Burma is now one of the foreign stations of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. When the country was annexed by the British government, the Rev. W. R. Winston, who had done noble work in Ceylon, thought the time had come for the Wesleyan Church to bestir itself on behalf of those Burmese who were still untouched by missionary agencies. Impelled by zeal for the salvation of souls he generously offered himself as a labourer in the Burmese field. He and the Rev. John

Brown were authorised to go on a tour of inspection, and to report their impressions as to the most promising districts for a new mission. At Rangoon they obtained much interesting and valuable information from missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church who were doing good work in that town. They had also a cordial welcome from the Baptist brethren they met on their tour. In Prome, from which Dr. Judson was driven by the bigoted court of Ava, they spent a Sabbath with a Baptist missionary, and preached,—one to English residents, and the other to the Burman congregation through an interpreter. From Prome they went by steamer to Mandalay, now the capital of Upper Burma. The population of this city is estimated as being over one hundred and seventy thousand. The 'Vatican of Buddhism' as it has been called, it has not less than nine hundred and eighty monastic houses richly carved and lavishly gilded, and affording shelter to nearly six thousand yellow-robed priests, who are all supported by the gifts of the people. It was decided to make this city the headquarters of the mission, and also to include in its operations Meingyan, a town at the junction of the Kyendwen with the Irrawadi. The work, begun in faith and prayer, is not without hopeful signs. Already five and a half acres of ground have been secured in Mandalay for mission premises. Aid in the purchase of the land was given by brethren in Calcutta, and also by friends at Thurgoland, in Yorkshire, the beautiful home of Mrs.

Winston's father, Mr. John Dyson, who for many years has been an impassioned and eloquent advocate of foreign missions, and who esteems it one of the glories of his life to have a daughter employed in ministrations of love to Asian women and children. The mission is yet in its infancy, but in years to come, when Wesleyan agencies extend to the towns and villages on the rich tracts of country which sweep from Mandalay and Meingyan to the Chinese frontier, and when the notes of grand old Methodist hymns blend with the murmur of the evening wind among the foliage which is as a fair garland along the upper reaches of the Irrawadi, then will be deep and thankful interest in the following, as printed, and worthy to be printed in golden type, in the *Minutes of Conference* for 1889 :

THE BURMA DISTRICT.

MANDALAY, William Ripley Winston ; one wanted (Educational Department).

KYANKSE, Covis Andrew de Silva, Don Solomon Kodicara, Singhalese ministers.

PAKOKKU, Arthur H. Bestall.

WILLIAM RIPLEY WINSTON, *Chairman of the District and General Superintendent.*



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